THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LX' 25 E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MAY 17th, 1927.

Historical Society o

All Grocers Stock "SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

If you want something better—try it.

THE

Belleville Nurseries!

—for—

ROSES

All kinds of Roses ready now.

Plant early for best results

W. C. REID,

179 Dundas St.

BELLEVILLE - ONT.

14

MILLINERY

The summer, like the spring shapes, will be small and medium.

New patterns continue to arrive.

Of course, exclusive styles in large head sizes, made in our own work room.

Moderately Priced.

Scarfs, Windsor Ties, Silk Hose and Corsets.

A Specialty.

DOXSEE & CO.

The Leading Millinery House

$30 and $35 Suits

TAILORED TO YOUR ORDER

The kind that gives long service and retains their shape until the garment is worn out.

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

Rum, Honey and Tamarac Balsam is the best preparation we know of for stubborn coughs and colds. 35c. a bottle at Wallace's.

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

FRED RUSSELL

'Phone 406. East Street.

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McKITCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

FOR SALE—Rubber tired buggy. PAUL'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE—Family driving mare, suitable for third horse. PAUL'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE — General purpose mare in foal PAUL'S GARAGE.

WANTED — Cattle to pasture. Apply CLARENCE SHERMAN, R. R. No. 3, Napanee. 23-tfp

FOR SALE—Lime and stone. Apply to HARRY KINKLEY, formerly called Pat Bergin's lime kiln, Roblin's Hill. 24-bp

FOR SALE—Shortening, 2 lbs. for 25c. Come and get it in any quantity you wish. Now! FRANK H. PERRY, Phone 130.

WANTED—A spot cash bargain in house and lot. Any good location in town. Price between $1500 and $2500. Box 630, Napanee.

FOR SALE—Coal oil stove and oven, refrigerator, drop leaf table, writing desk, piano box, small box stove. Apply to MRS. VICARAGE. 25-a

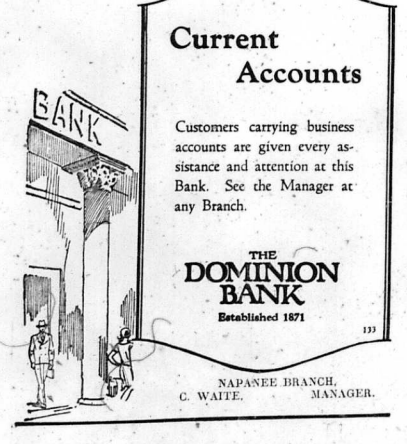
ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

EARN $25 WEEKLY up, at home clipping newspapers and addressing envelopes No canvassing. Everything furnished. Spare or full time. Particulars for stamp. GILLIES MAILING SERVICE, Box 8, Sydney, Nova Scotia. 25-bp

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm; five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of bush. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

FOR SALE—Medium sized, two storey brick dwelling on East street Electric lights, furnace and waterworks. Large barn and stable. Good well at door. Also good building lot adjoining. Will sell at a bargain. Apply to PAUL'S GARAGE, Dundas street, Napanee. Phone 198.



Current Accounts

Customers carrying business accounts are given every assistance and attention at this Bank. See the Manager at any Branch.

THE DOMINION BANK

Established 1871

133

NAPANEE BRANCH,

C. WAITE, MANAGER.

CENTREVILLE.

The abundant showers are making the meadows and grain look fine.

Mothers' Day was observed in the United Church on Sunday last with an exceptionally large number in attendance. The Sunday School is to be congratulated on the way in which the day's program was presented.

The local milk factory has again opened with Frank Thompson as maker and Messrs. Bert and George W. McGill working as assistants.

Farm help is very scarce in this vicinity, as several farmers are unable to procure any help.

The Township Council met in the Town Hall on Monday last and passed off the usual routine of busin ess. The council expect to inspect the various roads in the near future with a view of fixing the worst ones.

Several from here attended ta dance given in Enterprise Community hall in aid of the Anglican church and report a splendid time.

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor. Municipal Engineering. Drainage Engineering. Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

John Street, South of Paisley House.

Phone 385. 15tf Box 139.

COURT OF REVISION

Township of Richmond

A Court of Revision of the Assessment roll for the Township of Richmond will be held in the town hall, Selby, on Tuesday, June 7th, at 9 a.m., for the purpose of hearing complaints against the said Roll. All persons interested in the said court will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

H. A. WOOD,
Township Clerk.

COURT OF REVISION

Village of Bath.

Take notice that a Court of revision of the assessment Roll of the Village of Bath will be held at the tow nhall on Monday, June 6th, at the hour of 8 o'clock p.m., to hear and determine such appeals as may be brought before it against the assessment roll of the said Village. All persons having business at the said Court will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

E. J. SHEPHARD,
Municipal Clerk.

Bath, May 14th, 1927.

REAL ESTATE

John Thompson farm, Roblindale station, about 110 acres; J. W. Graham, 14 acres, good house and buildings, Slash Road; W. H. Miller farm, 194 acres, 4 miles from Napanee, River Road; Madden property, Napanee, 50 acres; Clayton Garrison farm, 150 acres, 3 miles from Napanee, on Kingston highway; Archie Denison farm, Selby; Mrs. J. A. Parks, good house, 13 acres land, in town; 2 good residences.

JOHN WILSON,
Napanee.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Phoebe Ann Baker, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of Phoebe Ann Baker, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, widow, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the undersigned on or before the 3rd day of June, A.D., 1927, full particulars of their claims duly verified.

And further take notice that after the said 3rd day of June, A.D., 1927, the Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

MAX FOX, Executor.
24-c

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of Mary Pringle HOSEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims against the estate of Mary Pringle Hosey, late of the town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, widow, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the undersigned on or before the 25th day of May, A.D., 1927, full particulars of their claims, duly verified.

And further take notice, that after the said 25th day of May, A.D., 1927, the Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate, and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims he shall not have received notice at the time of the distribuion hereof.

U. M. WILSON,
Solicitor for the said Estate.

Dated this 27th day of April, 1927
23-d

WILTON.

The members and their friends of the Wilton Women's Institute certainly did well when about fifty ladies came out to welcome Mrs. James Miller of Napanee, and to attend the annual business meeting, on May 10th, at the Grange Hall, Wilton. The president presided. The roll call was answered by an "Economy Wrinkle." It was decided to have the June meeting on May 31, due to the First Aid and nursing class the first two weeks in June. The roll call for June will be paying of membership fees. The election of officers then took place, and the representatives to the district annual convention at Adolphustown were appointed:

Mrs. James Miller, district president, of Napanee, addressed the meeting and spoke on "Institutes," stating that there are 1,013 institutes in Ontario alone. Her subject, "Is a Woman's time Worth Anything?" was very interesting and helpful and thoroughly enjoyed by all. A paper on Current Events was splendidly given by Miss Rhoda Connors. The Current Events for the June meeting are to be given by Miss Eleanor Emberley. The reading, "The Owl Critic," by Miss Ida McPherson was very amusing, and a general favorite. Mrs. Kenneth Babcock's solo, "The Flag of Our Empire," beautifully rendered. It was decided to get out programmes for the coming year, and a committee was appointed to attend to same. The meeting came to a close by singing "God Save the King," and refreshments of sandwiches, cake, candy and tea were served and the social hour very much enjoyed. The success of this meeting was due to the hearty co-operation of the ladies of the community, and a bright and prosperous future looms ahead.

Brighten Up.

Use Martin-Senous 100% pure paints, varnishes and lacquers for your spring painting. Glass, oils and lead.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS

The following presentation and address was given to Mrs. German Wagar at Reidville on Thursday May 5th:

Dear Mrs. Wagar,—

In the years that you have lived here you have been a most kind and considerate neighbor and an ardent supporter of Christian Stewardship, as well as an energetic member of our Women's Missionary Society.

We have found you to be sympathetic in times of trouble and willing to lend a helping hand in time of need. You will be missed in our community, but while we are loath to bid you farewell, we feel that what is our loss is your new neighbor's gain.

As a token of our friendship and the esteem in which you are held in this Society, we ask you to accept this "Life membership Pin," along with our hearts' best wishes for your happiness in your new home.

Signed on behalf of the Women's Missionary Society,

Mrs. R. J. WILSON, Pres.
Mrs. THOS. WILSON, Sec.

Mrs. Wagar responded in a few well chosen words, thanking the Ladies for the beautiful gift.

REAL ESTATE.

Have for sale three good 50-acre farms in good localities.

Several houses in Town at reasonable prices.

Three large farms, partly equipped, if desired.

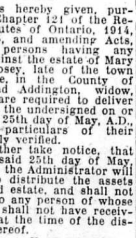
Several 10-acre farms, well improved.

Have a farm to exchange for Town residence.

Wanted a medium sized house to rent.

320 acres partly improved Western land to sell or exchange.

T. H. WIGGINS,
John Street, South of Paisley House.



TAKE NOTICE THAT:

1. The Council of the Corporation of the Town of Napanee intends to construct as a local improvement, a permanent pavement with curbs and gutters and storm sewers on Bridge street in the Town of Napanee from East Street to West street, and intends to especially assess a part of the cost upon the land abutting directly on the work.

2. The estimated cost of the work is $18,200.00, of which $9,400.00 is to be paid by the Corporation of the Town of Napanee. The estimated special rate per foot frontage is $4.20. The special assessment is to be paid in twenty annual instalments.

3. A petition to the said Council will not avail to prevent its construction, but a petition against the work or the manner in which it has been undertaken, may be made pursuant to section 9 of THE LOCAL IMPROVEMENT ACT, to the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board, by a maority of the owners representing at least one-half of the value of the lots which are to be specially assessed therefor.

W. A. GRANGE, Clerk.
Dated May 17th, A.D., 1927. 25-a

NAPANEE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

REPORT FOR MARCH AND APRIL

Names of pupils reported in A. and B. Classes only.

A. Class—40% of each subject and 75% of total.

B. Class—40% of each subject and 60% of total.

SENIOR THIRD.

A.—M. Owen, R. Hyland, D. Loyst, M. Drake, R. McIlwaine, B. Hyland, B. Denison, L. Cowle.

B.—J. Roney, A. Benn, A. Lewis, K. Savage, H. Barrett, L. Curry, L. Wilson, J. Anderson, D. VanBusen, J. Cooke, M. Sculthorpe, E. Richardson, F. Fox.

SENIOR THIRD.

A.—Louise VanLuven; Helen Norris and Reginald Todd, equal; Billy Boyle.

B.—Marguerite Snider, Cuma Fellows.

JUNIOR THIRD.

A.—Minnie O'Neill.

B.—Leslie Taylor, Poppy Todd, Fanny Babcock, Alice Deschane, Delia Wood, Emma Storms, Frances Lucas.

JUNIOR THIRD—B.

A.—Irene Markle, Doris Knapp, (Ruby Merriam, Grace Walter, equal) Dorothy Trumpour, Bobby Templeton.

B.—George White, Donald Laughland, Reggie Vanalstine, Frances Cockwell, Grace Walker, Irma Pearson, Irene Thompson, Billy Warner, Hubert Bedore, Gussie Boyes, Lizzie Markle, B. Thompson, Reggie Stalker, Kenneth Murphy.

SECOND CLASS.

A.—G. Hagan; J. O'Connor, W. Kellar, equal; M. Cooke, Geo. Curry, J. Turner, I. Murphy.

B.—B. Cowling, C. Barrett, R. Brown, A. Cornwall, H. Reddick, B. Rhyndress, J. Young, H. Derby, J. Jackson, G. Bell, C. Reddick, F. McLaughlin, B. Evans, L. Ballard, B. Webster.

FIRST BOOK.

A.—Ruth Woodger, Ruth Edgar, Eva Elliott, Grace Markle, Jean Clark, Dorothy Cowling, Annie Hearns, Robert Paul, Jean Gilbride, Aileen Reddick.

B.—Norman Root, Maxine Irvine, Isabel McGee, Laverne O'Connor, Edith Thompson, Robert Garrison, Georgina Vick, Godfrey Paul.

FIRST PRIMARY.

Authmire Currie, Donald Reid, Leonard Hunter, Annie Hearns, Jean Young, Reta Elliott, Arthur Fox, Bruce Wells, F. Thompson, Morley McIlwaine, Jack Coakwell.

SENIOR PRIMER.

Laurence Markle Honor Wagar Harry Leary, Douglas Exley, D. Plumley, Nina Thompson, Arthur Babcock, Rachel Wheeler, Eva McTaggart.

JUNIOR PRIMER

A.—Fred McHoull, Louise Gilbride, Everett Bowen, Mary Kimmerly, Grace Walton, Laura Kellar, Leanore Valkman, Madge White, Marilyn Bowen, Audrey McMillan, Edgar Hearns.

B.—Bruce Cassan, Charlie Conrad, Marin VanVolkenburgh, Gladys Leary, Raymond Vick, R. Ket, Harold Martin, Joe Wheeler, Maude Babcock, Stuart Storms.

JUNIOR FIRST.

Jean Gibbard, Marian Root, L. Black, Marguerite Curry, Dorothy Markle, Freddy Cassan, Eileen Seymour, Jean Edgar, Helen Hayes, Clarence Butcher, Gordon Gilbride, Harold Matthews, Dorland Barrager, Anna Hall, Paul Archer, Betty Cornwell, Dorothy Scott, Vera Pidgeon, Ruth Miller.

JUNIOR PRIMER.

Ethel McTaggart, Dorothy Walker, Dora Reynolds, Jack Holmes, Betty Huffman, Helen Young

SENIOR PRIMER.

Edgar Graham, Alastair Ker, Mabel Markle, Rupert Merriam, Carol Root, Howard O'Connor, Jack Willoughby, Ker neth Moore, Billy Baker, Mary Buchanan, D. Rendell, Eileena Poste.

BEGINNERS.

Teddy Cassan, Gertie Butcher, Clarence Markle, Georgie Howie, Laura Curry, Jack Huston, Arthur Looks, Gerald Hayes, Jimmie Vine, Marguerite Thompson, Gordon Ker, Jimmie Howie, Charley Thompson, Mauda Kellar.

EAST WARD.

SENIOR II.

A.—E. Madden, H. Henderson, J. Vine, E. MacGregor, Lillie Lasher.

B.—H. Madden, K. Lapointe, I. Stevenson, N. Waitson, Lyle Lasher.

JUNIOR II.

B.—D. Stinson, G. Millar, G. Joy.

FIRST CLASS.

B.—S. Gilbert, R. Capsom.

SENIOR PRIMER.

Dorothy Thompson, Isabelle Norris, Bessie Asselstine, Jean Thompson, Grant Russell, Jessie Wagar, Dorothy Reid, Harold Babcock, Louisa Ford, Isabelle Stevenson, Olga Culhane, Homer Vine, Harold Lucas, Phyllis Denison, Douglas Meikle, Miles Vine, Nellie Green, Billy Waitson.

INTERMEDIATE PRIMER.

Gertrude Thompson, John Russell, Ralph Lucas, Louise Babcock, Audrey Lucas, Burton Knight, Alice Harmer, Boris McCabe, Billy Moore, Jessie Green, Lottie Green, Berniece Young, Mary Ganger, Wilbert Asselstine, Clifford Millar, Clare Millar, Vincent Fox, Helen Marion Moore, Rosalind Mowers, Eva McFarland, Daniel Lloyd.

JR. PRIMER.

Marion Lasher, Katherine Weiss, Margaret Waitson, Jim Moore, Jean Napolis, Helen Thompson, Helen Moore, Jack Ballance, Earl Thompson,

EASY VICTORY FOR LOCALS OVER BELLEVILLE TEAM

NAPANEE LEAFS 29; DESCOS 6.

The Softball team of the Deacon Shirt Co., who are rated as the best in the Belleville city league this season, did not provide much opposition for the locals in their appearance here on Thursday last. They were badly handicapped by the surroundings, and repeatedly misjudged the flight of the ball, but it is doubtful if they could win from the powerful combination that the Leafs now put out under any circumstances. It was not altogether that they were so very weak, however, for the locals have played far weaker teams, and the Deacons have given strong contention to teams which have beaten the Leafs in the past, but the local girls were right on, and did not find it necessary to exert themselves at any time after the second inning.

The game started with the Leafs in their regular positions, and Dorothy Johnston chose to burn them around. As a result, two struck out, and the third was retired easily at first. Napanee then fell on the offerings of the opposing pitcher, and taking every advantage of two mis-plays by the visitors, scored seven times. The second inning was a repitition of the first, the Leafs, bunching hard hits with their opponents errors, scoring eleven. With the commanding lead thus given them they were not forced to exert themselves again, and were able to take advantage of the remainder of the game for practice purposes.

At the end of the fourth inning the local lineup was shifted so as to give the substitutes an opportunity of showing their wares. Both Helen and Marion Douglas were replaced by Mildred Blackadder and Lenore Fraser, Irene Embury came in to third base, Dorothy Johnston went to centre field and Hazel O'Neil pitcher. The visitors were able to do no more to these players than they had done to the regulars, however, for the second lineup seemed quite as powerful as the first. Miss O'Neil pitching excellent ball.

The game was disappointing from the point of view of a close contest, but was very comforting to those fans who have followed the ups and downs of the locals and have seen them develop from a group of girls of the same calibre as the Descos to the strong team they now are. The work has done it, and steady practice, together with the great strength they gain by the defection of the Toronto Ponies will give our girls a team which should be able to win practically all the games in this part of the country. It will be interesting to watch how they do when they appear against the fastest team in existence in their class, the World Champin Toronto Nationals, who play here on June 3rd. When no more than played their team, they were, little if any stronger than the Descos were on Thursday, and they were not beaten by any such a score.

	R	H	E
Descos..	0	0 1 2 0 1 2	6 9 7
Leafs.....	7	1 1 0 8 0 1 2	29 31 2

The next game will be against Corbyville on Tuesday next. This team is far better now than the Descos, and a much closer game is expected. A boys' game will also be played.

SOFTBALL NOTES

At the last meeting of the executive of the Bay of Quinte League, the Deseronto Ponies, owing to the fact that the majority of their last years' players will not be available this year, withdrew their entry, their Manager, Mr. James Whitton, feeling that it would not be a good thing for the club to enter a team which would not be strong enough to provide interesting games with any other teams. If the other team comes forward for admission to the Bay of Quinte League, it will carry on with the teams remaining, while Deseronto will seek to develop players through the summer, who will be able to play in 1928.

The Napanee manager immediately arranged for the remaining Deseronto players to play with the Leafs, should their services be required. A clause in the constitution of the Women's Ontario Softball Association, allowing a player to play with whatever team is located nearest to their place of residence, made this move possible. It so happens that the three players so secured are the three who were chosen by the league executive of last year to play on the League All-Star team against the League champions at the end of the season. They are Lillian Wagar, pitcher; Violet Whitton, infielder; and Ivy Hopping, outfielder.

According to the constitution of the Ontario Associaton, no team may sign more than fifteen players at one time, although changes may be made by the manager at any time. The acquisition of these sterling performers will therefore give Napanee their full quota, for the time being, although changes may be made as the season progresses.

The full line-up will therefore be as follows:

1. Dorothy Johnston, pitcher.
2. Marion Grass, catcher.
3. Margaret Douglas, 1st base.
4. Marion Embury, 2nd base.
5. Mary Stinson, short stop.
6. Hazel Neil, 3rd base.
7. Maron Douglas, left field.
8. Ruth Dickson, right field.
10. Mildred Blackadder, outfield.
11. Lenore Fraser, outfield.
12. Ivy Hopping, outfield.
13. Violet Whitton, infield.
14. Lillian Wagar, pitcher.
15. Dorothy Hagan, utility.

The strength of a team is in its substitutes, and with the above line-up, the Leafs should have no difficulty in any league game, although it will have things any too easy, however, as the Ontario's present practically the same lineup as they were last year. Batters are considerably strengthened, particularly in pitching. But there can be no doubt that the New Leafs are the strongest team in the league.

A better idea of their actual strength will be gained by watching their efforts in pre-season exhibition games, which are being arranged now. The Corbyville team will play here on Tuesday, May 17th, and they come to us strongly recommended as a capable outfit. Arbeys' game will be staged the same night. The treat of the early season, however, will be the trip of the Toronto Nationals here, on Friday, June 3rd. This team, which holds the intermediate softball championship of Ontario, is rated as the best fielding outfit in existence, all their players being veterans of several championship campaigns. The team will include the following such well known players as Margo Ellerby, Maron Thaine, "Gerry" Stubensey, Emily Gault, "Babe" Ruby, Thelma Ruby, Irene Crawford and many others. Probably one or two pitchers from the Toronto Supremes, the International Champions, may also be sent, as was Annie Miller last year, for the Nationals face a hard round of two games here on the 3rd and two in Belleville on the 4th.

The Nationals entertained our players so well when they were in Toronto, the local girls will try to accommodate them while in Napanee overnight. Accommodation is therefore sought for a few of the Toronto girls, and any of our fans who would like to have them overnight, are asked to get in touch with Capt. Babcock or Lt. Paul.

ERINSVILLE.

The farmers are nearly all through seeding and the abundance of rain was ust what was needed. There is a great deal of alfalfa cultivated through this locality and this season it looks particularly fine.

We heartily congratulate Mr. Joseph Hopkins on graduating from Queen's University with the degree of bachelor of arts.

Mr. Amos Deshane is almost through sawing heading at the station.

A little daughter (Mary) was born to Mr. and Mrs. Timothy McGrath.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hopkins, accompanied by Misses Mary and Marie and Edward Hopkins, motored to Kingston to attend vacation and see their son, Joseph, take his degree.

Mr. J. J. Neville is already receiving many inquiries from tourists regarding his cottages on Beaver Lake.

Mrs. Chas. O'Neil is busy getting his pavillion, the Palmetto, ready for the openin gof the season on May 24th.

Does it pay to feed Dr. Hess' stock or poultry tonic? Buy a pail of stock food and watch results. We guarantee it to pay for itself at least twice over, or money refunded. This applies when fed to cattle, horses or hogs. Full information at Wallace's. Napanee agents.

MOSCOW.

The Moscow branch of the Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Herrington with twenty-eight members present. After the usual business meeting the election of officers for the new year took place, the following being elected:

President, Mrs. J. A. Amey; vice-president, Mrs. Clint; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Lyall Hawley; assistant, Mrs. Morley Huffman; district representative, Mrs. J. Lucas, pianist, Miss Evelyn Potter; press reporter, Mrs. W. Shangraw.

Plans were made for the afternoon of May 18th when the government speaker will address the ladies of the community at the home of Mrs. George Huffman. All are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

The District Annual Meeting will be held at Moscow on June 7th, morning and afternoon sessions.

A dressmaking class is being formed and will be carried on about the middle of June. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served.

QUARANTINED AREA FOR BEES ANNOUNCED

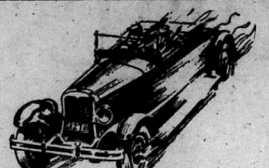
Toronto, May 13.—An order-in-council has been passed establishing a quarantined area for bee diseases for eight months forward from May 1st, neither bees in hives or honey or bee keeping equipment may be moved into the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Hastings, Peterboro, Prince Edward, Lennox and Addington, Frontenac and Victoria.

The quarantine will last for a good many years, it is said, and the quarantined area will be steadily increased.

Cement!

A full car of Portland cement now in. Let us supply you.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.



THEN YOU, TOO, WILL CHOOSE AN OLDSMOBILE

THE thousands and thousands of enthusiastic owners of Oldsmobile saw it, drove it, knew it—and then chose it for their own.

And . . . when you heed their whole-hearted praise and the conclusive evidence of ever-increasing popularity. . . .

When you see Oldsmobile and check it, point by point, with all the known factors of merit in modern motor car construction. . . .

When you drive it and experience its thrilling performance, its effortless handling, its positive control. . . .

When you know it and realize its surpassing beauty, its complete provisions for enduring efficiency, thrifty operation, comfort, convenience and long life. . . .

. . . then you, too, will choose an Oldsmobile!

OF-2316

ROBERT McFARLAND

Dealer - Napanee

OLDSMOBILE

Product of General Motors

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

PETER HEALS THE LAME MAN.

May 22—Acts 3 : 1-10 ; 4 : 8-10.

Golden Text—In none other is there salvation ; for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.—Acts 4 : 12.

This lesson follows immediately upon that of last Sunday, with Peter again the central figure in the Acts of the Apostles. It will be well to point out to the scholars again the striking contrast between the Peter of the Judgment Hall of Pilate, who with oaths and curses denied his Lord, and the Peter of Pentecost, counting his life as nothing if he might win some for Christ, and displaying the wonderful power of God. The secret of all power in the Christian life is the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, who seeks only the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ and testifies of Him. This miracle records the fulfilment of the post-resurrection promise of the Lord to his disciples : "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all people.....And lo, I am with you alway."

The time of the miracle is generally believed to be about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. There were three hours for prayer, the third, the sixth and the ninth. It is worthy of note that Peter and John were not swept off their feet by the marvellous manifestation of power that had come upon the church at Pentecost. They did not endeavor to expect to find in this great experience power sufficient to carry them through the days without using the means of grace that God had provided for the strengthening, refreshing and renewing of the spiritual life. The tendency today with many people is to depend too much upon some mountain-top experience they have had, some time of blessing when the Holy Spirit has filled their lives, but which too often they found as the days went on the early glow and thrill had passed away and faded into the light of common day. The cry of many hearts today is :

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord,
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word.
What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memories still
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

In many cases the reason for this despairing cry is the neglect of those means that God has provided whereby the spiritual life may be sustained. Of all people, Peter and John might have been excused from attending prayer meeting after the experience of Pentecost, but we find them here "going up into the temple at the ninth hour of prayer." No Christian has ever yet reached the place where he or she could ever do without daily communion with God. The prayerless Christian is the fruitless Christian. If prayer has ceased it is because there is sin in the life. Nothing can stop prayer but sin, and nothing can kill sin but prayer. Have we our regular seasons of communion with God?

The healing of the lame beggar brings us to one of the most crucial points in the early history of the Church. The man had been lame from the day of his birth. Doubtless he was carried there by his friends to solicit alms. Is there not here a subtle recognition of the fact that, however much non-Christians may sneer and mock at the Church, of Jesus Christ, it is here that the yearn in time of emergency and when in need. The lame man asked for an alms. Peter and John were like their Master, poor in this world's goods, but they had that which was of far greater importance and help to a man in the condition of this beggar.

"In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazereth, walk." When Peter uttered these words the whole future of the Church of Jesus Christ hung upon the response. The supreme test of every doctrine, every system, every invention is, "Will it work ?" Will it do what is claimed for it ? Before He left the earth the Saviour claimed that greater things than He had done would His disciples do. He committed to them powers of healing to be accomplished in His name. Here is a practical test. A man lame from the day of his birth. An avowed disciple of the man of Galilee, the command in His name to arise and walk. Had this man lain there impotent to rise, the Church would have died there and then. Now the response. Immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. "And leaping up he stood, and began to walk ; and he entered with them into the temple, walking and leaping and praising God." Here was the complete vindication of the claims of the apostles to be preaching a supernatural religion, a religion that would work, that was as potent in the realm of the physical as it was in that of the spiritual, a religion that could heal the body as well as the sick soul.

Such a miracle as this could not pass without attracting attention, and Peter immediately makes it the occasion for proclaiming again the Gospel, Jesus and the Resurrection. Notice Peter's absolute disclaimer that there was anything in himself that had produced this miracle. It was Jesus, whom they had crucified, and who had been raised again from the dead, who had performed it. Once again Peter drives home upon the hearts of his hearers the message of the Gospel, and again the response increases the number of believers to about five thousand men.

Here is the preaching that the Holy Spirit will honor, the preaching of Christ and Him crucified and raised again from the dead by the power of God. It is a mere beating of the wind to preach anything else, and a man might as well save his breath for all the good he will accomplish in the saving of souls. Every honest man and woman knows himself and herself to be a sinner in the sight of God. To preach that "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures," and that he was raised from the dead for our justification, has the approval and convicting power of the Holy Spirit, and meets at the same time the deepest need of the human heart for justification before God. Impress upon the class the Golden Text. "In none other is there salvation : for neither is there any other name under heave nthat is given among men wherein we must be saved."

Jesus the name we treasure
Name beyond what words can tell,
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well ;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name ;
In this Name, whence'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

—o—

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. tfd

Here and There

Experiments in the Pacific Coast methods of halibut fishing are now being made by R. B. Cann, of Yarmouth, N.S., with his new halibut fishing boat, "Fanaie Powell II.," following his extensive studies on the Pacific Coast.

The Canadian Pacific's gross earnings for the first quarter of the year were the largest on record for that quarter, at $43,236,009, or an increase of $2,891,051 over the corresponding quarter of last year. Net, however, was a little lower than last year at $6,462,628, compared with $6,531,067.

Madame Jane Sion, champion of European women swimmers, arrived in Canada about the middle of May on the Canadian Pacific steamer "Montnairn" from Antwerp. She will take part in various swimming marathons in Montreal and other centres in both Canada and the United States, including events at the Toronto Exhibition.

The total catch of seafish on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts during the month of March showed an increase of nearly 3,000,000 pounds over the catch for the same month last year. The catch amounted to 21,688,800 pounds, valued at $1,224,796, according to a report of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. The increase was due to the increased catch of herring on the Pacific Coast.

Two thousand poultrymen from the United States will attend the forthcoming World's Poultry Congress, to be held at Ottawa July 27 to August 4. The delegates will be headed by the Hon. W. M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, officially representing the Government. He will be accompanied by assistant secretary R. W. Dunlop. Some 25 States are participating.

That the prospects for British settlers coming to New Brunswick were good; that, in fact, arrangements had already been made for bringing a substantial number of British families to this province, was asserted by J. A. Murray, provincial superintendent of Colonization and Industry, who has returned from England where he was acting in the interests of the Government. He has received many enquiries as to the settlement prospects in New Brunswick.

That Calgary district has again taken its place in the front rank as a producer of horses in the Dominion was pointed out by G. H. Hutton, President of the Calgary Rotary Club, who declared that 57 carloads of horses had been shipped east from Calgary in three weeks, recently. Indicating the growth of the industry in the district he referred to the large number of entries received for this year's Horse Show, totalling more than 800, as compared with 600 last year.

Evidence of the interest in the new departure among Canadian Pacific locomotives known as the G-3-d type or "Pacific" engine in its remarkable combination of greatly increased power and efficiency with very slightly increased weight, is furnished by the fact that principals of twenty-five technical schools in the east of Canada and nine in the west have requested photographs of this locomotive with a view of hanging them in these schools for the information of the children.

Gene Tunney, world's champion heavy weight boxer, arrived in Montreal at the Canadian Pacific Windsor Street Station, May 6, and proceeded north to Macaza in the Laurentian Mountains. From here he proceeded by motor to Five Fingers Lake, spending several days fishing. Tunney was accompanied on the outing by W. O. McGeehan, sporting editor, New York Herald-Tribune, and W. A. Davenport, of Colliers Weekly. Mr. Tunney declared that he was scheduled to fight the winner of the elimination match this year. He visited Canada in 1920 and 1921, when he went into the lumber camps operated by the Booth organization in order to harden his hands.

Three Mines Worth $350,000,000.

"Financial Service" points out that Canada to-day has three mines in the $100,000,000 class, remarking: "The appreciation in the market value of the securities of the International Nickel Co. has brought the value of this company's capital above $100,000,000, and it now ranks with Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines and the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. of Canada, Ltd. The total value of the three properties as placed upon them by investors, is close to $350,000,000. Production of the three companies includes lead, zinc, nickel, copper, silver gold and platinum.

Poems on Rice!

An Indian artist is about to set out on a tour round the world, selling poems. He can write four hundred letters on a grain of rice, and on each grain he will inscribe a poem.

The Father's Right.

The father has the absolute right in England to choose what schools his children shall go to and what religion they shall adopt according to the decree of a London magistrate.

STUNG BY A RATTLER

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive & Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

The man who is out to buy a used car must watch himself. This purchasing something that looks like an automobile, just because it has four wheels and a paint job, often a case of being stung by a rattler. And yet very little inspection will determine whether the car is a good buy or "Good-by !" to your cash.

Watch a dealer examine a used car that is offered to him. About the first thing he does is to turn over the motor slowly by hand. A fair estimate of the condition of the cylinder walls and pistons may be had by testing in this way. The compression must be equal, or very nearly so, in all cylinders. A motor that turns over too freely by hand probably needs new pistons, new piston rings or it may have a bad score in the cylinder walls. A faint hiss may be heard, which shows that the gas is escaping past the piston on the compression stroke.

Of course, the leaky compression might also be caused by poorly fitting valves. If the condition of the rest of the car warrants the purchase, it is best to remove the cylinder head for a final inspection.

The engine should run smoothly after it is warmed up. Don't take the salesman's word that "it just needs a little tuning up." You can be sure that all minor adjustments which could be easily made have been attended to before you were shown the car. The timing gears or the chain at the front end drive should not be excessively noisy. Sometimes these are silenced temporarily by ground cork or heavy graphite grease. If the housing which encloses the drive has a plug, scrape off a little oil from the chain or gears and inspect it for those substances.

Take the car over some rough roads and listen for body squeaks brake rod rattles, spring shackle noises and door rattles. See that the body of the car does not give in every joint when the chassis is on a twist.

A few miles of driving may tell more about a car than the most exhaustive shop examination. Do the brakes work well ? Does the clutch grab or slip ? How does the car steer ? Does it shimmy? Can you feed evenly with the foot accelerator ? Does the engine heat ? Used car dealers are not all rattlers. Most of them are engaged in a legitimate business conducted according to the best business ethics. But at that, do not take the vender's word ; satisfy yourself, and you will have only yourself to blame if your buy is not a bargain.

ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS, 1927

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics has made the customary arrangements for the collection and publication of the annual agricultural statistics of Canada for the year 1927. These statistics will be based upon returns to be collected next June from individual farmers upon carefully prepared schedules issued to them through the teachers and children of the rural schools. The schedules will be very simple one, calling only for the areas sown to field crops and the numbers of farm animals alive on the farm in mid-June. Upon the resulting estimates of total areas sown are based the preliminary, provisional and final estimates of yield, which are of supreme importance in connection with the movement, financing, distribution and sale of the principal cereals, especially of wheat, of which Canada is now the world's leading exporter.

The present plans for the collection of these statistics have been followed annually since 1917 and the estimates based thereon have come to be confidently relied upon by all interested in the production and distribution of Canadian grain.

In connection with the celebration this year of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, accurate statistics are indispensable for a proper appreciation of the national progress, and in order to ensure that the statistics of the Jubilee year may be as accurate as possible, it is earnestly hoped that farmers throughout the Dominion will not fail to render the small service required by filling up and returning the schedule issued.

If any farmer should not receive the cardboard schedule by the middle of June he should apply for same either to the school teacher of the nearest local rural school, or to his provincial Department of Agriculture, or to the Dominion Statistician at Ottawa. The aim is to obtain a completed schedule from every farmer, as the more complete the returns, the more trustworthy will be the resulting estimates.

LARGE ARTIFICIAL LAKE.

Gouin Dam Has a Capacity of 160,000,000 Cubic Feet of Water.

The Mercier Dam on the Gatineau river surrounds a reservoir of water which is the third largest in the world.

The reservoir was built by the Quebec Government during the past year, at a cost of $4,500,000. It has a capacity of 95,000,000 cubic feet of water, and can develop, at low water, 150,000 electrical horsepower. It is named after Hon. Honore Mercier, Minister of Lands and Forests.

In addition to the Mercier Reservoir, the Province of Quebec, with the Gouin Reservoir on the St. Maurice river, has in its territory the largest artificial lake in the world. The Gouin Dam has a capacity of 160,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. New Mexico, with the Elephant Butte Reservoir, holds second place in this line of endeavor.

Other large reservoirs the world over are: The Assuan, on the Nile river, Egypt, 97,800,000,000 cubic feet; the Roosevelt, on the Salt river, Arizona, 71,123,000,000 cubic feet; the Martin Dam, on the River Tallapoosa, Alabama, 70,500,000,000 cubic feet.

DEATH RATE AMONG MOTHERS IN CANADA MUCH TOO HIGH

"The mortality rate for women in childbirth in North America is one of the highest among the civilized nations of the world," said Dr. C. A. E. Winslow, of Yale University and a Past President of the American Public Health Association, in speaking on April 26th, to the Social Welfare Conference in Toronto on "Public Health and Community Well Being." "Of the many new problems arising in the realm of public health one of the very greatest is that of maternal and pre-natal mortality. The only two countries in the world which at all adequately deal with these important matters are Holland and Denmark. In both countries such death rates are very low, because the health authorities have made generous provision for skilled and supervised nursing care for mothers before, after and at the time of the birth of their children."

"Education," the speaker went on to say, "is the only thing which can successfully change people's habits of living. In such education the public health nurse is the dominant factor and we are coming more and more to see that individual instruction such as is given by the nurses of the Toronto Health Department, a department which is one of the most wonderful in the world, is the only satisfactory solution of the problem offered for our too high death rates among mothers."

The figures to which Dr. Winslow referred—and these include Canada as well as the United States—show that in the Dominion in 1925, the last year for which detailed statistics are available, 1,196 mothers were lost in childbirth, over half of whom were in the prime of life. Still-births accounted for the loss of 8,043 lives and even with the always increasing reduction in infant mortality rates in most of the provinces, there died 23,310 infants under one year of age and exclusive of the stillborn. The total loss of infant life throughout the Dominion in that year, therefore, amounted to 30,333 babies. Realizing what these figures mean to Canada, where new settlers are being brought at great cost from long distances, to populate the country, both governmental health and voluntary agencies in recent years have been making real efforts to provide pre-natal, natal and post-natal care for mothers and to do definitely educational health work.

In this connection the Canadian Red Cross in its thirty-nine Outpost hospitals in pioneering sections has done an effective piece of conservation. In the past year over 5,000 patients were served in these institutions, among them being 743 mothers who must otherwise have gone without skilled care when their children were born.

In addition to such practical assistance, the Outpost nurses did an immense amount of educational work among the settlers in their districts, a work which follows every Outpost into the frontiers.

Then through the 305 new Red Cross Home Nursing Classes started last year all over Canada and the hundreds which have been completed in the past three years, over 12,448 women and girls have received the sort of individual instruction to which Dr. Winslow referred. Already from those who have to date received this valuable training there will benefit at least 48,000 people in the families to which they belong.

Touching on the Visiting Housekeeping Centre in Toronto, another Red Cross activity, Dr. Winslow said, "It was one of the most unique, important and useful experiments in economics and social service now being conducted on the American continent," and pointed out that in time this institution, which has already 23 women trained in the field, will have performed not merely a local but a national service by reason of its frontal attack on the hitherto insoluble problem presented by the family in which illness, ignorance or incapacity do their worst work of disintegration and degeneration.

$3,000 For a Stamp.

A few weeks ago one of the rarest stamps in the world was sold in London for £680. It is a blue 4d. stamp of Western Australia, 1854, in which the swan is upside down. There are only nine known copies in existence.

The record as to price paid for a stamp is at present held by France, where a "British Guiana" was sold for over £3,000.

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Nitrous Oxide Gas.

The chemical name of "Laughing Gas" is nitrous oxide. It is used as an anaesthetic in dentistry and minor surgery. It produces loss of sensibility, during which some patients cry or laugh hysterically.

Married Men Live Longest.

Married men can anticipate longer lives than their bachelor brothers. Some tables recently compiled show that the mortality among unmarried men between the ages of 20 and 50 is double that of benedicts.

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The Express Printing House, Napanee.

Radio Plays Important Part in Northern Survey

On two occasions engineers of the Canadian National Railways were required to send out location parties in the Peace River country and in Northern Manitoba, the latter party making towards Churchill. On each occasion it was found desirable to include amongst the supplies and equipment a radio receiving set and on the return of the parties it was stated that no addition to camp equipment had ever done so much to add to the morale of the men. The illustrations show: Upper left, a section of a camp in the Peace River district on the way to Churchill; upper right, a group of men in camp listening to radio reception; below, the survey party in winter garb. (Canadian National Railways photographs.)

WHEN BANK OF MONTREAL TOKENS WERE USED FOR SMALL CHANGE

FOUNDED before Canada had any currency of its own, the Bank of Montreal in the early part of the Nineteenth Century obtained authorization from the British Government to issue copper tokens for small change.

Reproduced herewith are the two sides of the one-penny token of 1838 and of a "habitant" token of 1837. The obverse of the former shows a picture of the building used by the Bank of Montreal at that time, the obverse of the latter a typical farmer of Lower Canada, now Quebec. The reverse of both coins is the same, showing the arms of the city of Montreal.

Throughout its long history, the Bank of Montreal has always been active in serving the financial needs of the people of Canada, steadily extending its service as the need and opportunity for it arose.

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THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

By Edward Everett Hale

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Mary Roberts Rinehart and Owen Johnson was "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale. His works are published by Little, Brown & Co.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

PART I.

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of our Army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805 at Fort Massac or somewhere above on the river he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him, a day or two's voyage in his flatboat and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to monongahela, sledge and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. It was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said —really to seduce him—and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as "a man without a country."

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only when the grand catastrophe came some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi valley to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams got up for spectacles a string of court martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough as I say, yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States he cried out in a fit of frenzy:

"D— the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Nolan had grown up in the west of those days in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot" and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother hunting horses in Texas, and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore and the sword by his side. I do not excuse Nolan. I only explain to the reader why he damned his country and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, Sept. 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. He called the court into his private room and returned in fifteen minutes with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court. The court decides, subject to the approval of the president, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan mushed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the president approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the Nautilus got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

When I was second officer of the Intrepid some thirty years after I saw the original paper of instructions:

Washington (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

Sir—You will receive from Lt. —— the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

This person on his trial by court martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again.

The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present the execution of the order is intrusted by the president to this department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it, and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Resp'y yours, W. SOUTHARD.

For the Secretary of the Navy.

I suppose the commander of the Levant has it today as his authority for keeping this man in his mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man Without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites. I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom —he always had a stateroom which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain Buttons," as they called him. They called him "Plain Buttons" because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember soon after I joined the navy. Some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy, and everybody was permitted to lend him books if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship sooner or later, only somebody must go over them first and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. Phillips told me a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage, and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. Nolan took the book and read to the others, and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and border chivalry and was 10,000 years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?"

Then they all saw something was to pay, but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on:

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!"

Each time he read, so, mark him well."

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages, but he had not quite presence of mind for that. He gulped a little, colored crimson and staggered on:

"For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self—"

And here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "and, by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's smuggadocio must have broken down. At first they said he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that, but Phillips said first after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare or something else he was sure of. He was always shy, and after that when I knew him very seldom spoke unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally, but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart wounded pan.

Nolan's transfer at sea to the Warren was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into all our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

He may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been a long time in the bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball, so the captain said they might ask him if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had ventured so far and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan, but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her and this was a godsend. He said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! "Home!" Mr. Nolan!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!" And she walked directly up the deck to her husband and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. In one of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square and took right down the officer of the gun himself and almost every man of the gun's crew. As the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies there appeared Nolan in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, perfectly cheery and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it and bade the men fire and there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits till the enemy struck. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is a part of the story where all the legends agree—that the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir, and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over and he had the Englishmen's sword in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came the captain said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today. You are one of us today! You will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the secretary of war. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington.

PART II.

NOLAN must have been in every sea and yet almost never on land. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so much on board ship. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time more than to do anything else all the time, but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my note books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading, and I include in them my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "odds and ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on and carved scraps of boxwood and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated.

Till he grew very old, he always went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise, and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill he was the kindest nurse in the world and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our slave trade treaty, while the reigning house, which was still the house of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did, and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there it was such a scene as you seldom see and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chose run loose in the midst of the nastiness. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and patois of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Bleedeferred.

As we came on deck Vaughan looked down from a hogshead on which he had mounted in desperation and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something?"

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese as one or two fine looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan, "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand and then in turn to each of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the deus ex machina of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was—that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality and said to Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he bushed the men down. And said:

"He says 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpreting and, I who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's

(Continued on page 7)

Matches

Pine Tree Brand

3 Boxes 25c.

Webster's Grocery

(Sign of Quality)

Pa's Son-in-Law

UH-NOW-WHERE TH' SAM HILL IS MY OTHER SHOE! ER—OH! I REMEMBER NOW!
SON-IN-LAW
BY
GOT T' GO OUT IN TH' YARD AN' FIND MY SHOE! LAST NIGHT, WHILE MY NERVES WERE ALL ON EDGE, THINKIN' OF BURGLARS COMIN' AFTER THAT NECKLACE O' YOURS, TH' CAT CRASHED MY DOOR OPEN AN' LIKED T' SCARED ME INTO A FIT! I GOT MAD AN' CHUCKED MY SHOE AT HER!
W-WHAT?
VOTED
HEAVENS! I-GO GET IT! GET IT AT ONCE! M-MY DIAMOND NECKLACE IS IN IT! I HID IT THERE LAST NIGHT!
CEDRIC PROPOSED THAT, RATHER THAN LEAVE IT LOCKED IN MY BUREAU, AT NIGHT, WHERE BURGLARS WOULD BE SURE TO LOOK FOR IT, WE HIDE IT IN SOME UNLIKELY PLACE! S-SO I HID IT IN YOUR S-SHOE!

Peerless Poultry Fencing

We can supply you with any height from 3 to 8 feet of this strong, sturdy fence. No boards or top rails necessary. Five times as serviceable as netting. It gives your flock real protection. All styles of Peerless Farm, Poultry or Lawn Fence carried in stock.

WILSON'S HARDWARE
Napanee, Ont.

Radios and Batteries

Auhorized Dealers for Stromberg-Carlson and DeForest Crossley Radios

These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Eveready Radio Batteries ; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

We have just installed one of the latest type Chargers to look after your car or radio storage battery.

Get your Radio License from us Then if you are about to wire your house, or have any of your wiring equipment altered give us a call. Estimates given freely.

The Thermo Water Heater has no equal.

We carry a complete line of Fixtures, Shades, Heating Appliances, Irons, Toasters, Percolaters, Curling Tongues.

National Electric Ranges ; also the Beach Electric Range.

Floor Waxer and Polisher to rent

Get Radio License before April 1st and save trouble as all Radios have to be licensed before that date.

1 Barnet Refrigerator at a bargain.

1 6-tube Mohawk Radio.

Vine's Electric Shop
Market Square. - 'Phone 367
Residence Phone 112-F.

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable Marble or Granite, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

Having a Large Stock of

Flour, Feeds, and Grain

A lot of damaged and wet Grain at

Sacrificed Prices

if taken at once.

All kinds of Grain and Seeds, and Hay, in car lots.

Also Frost Fencing and Gates.

Subscribers call for your Directory

Fred A. Perry

Opposite Campbell House

FREE !

One pair candlesticks given away with every 50c. tin Rogers' Brushing Lacquer. Easy to apply, dries in 30 minutes. All shades.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

VAN LUVEN
'Phone 92

HEAT FOLKS

NATURE teaches that in the time of plenty we should lay in a store for the lean months. The thrifty housewife "puts up" fruit and berries in the Summer when they are cheap so as to have regal fare for Winter months. In the Fall, you save by laying in potatoes and apples for coming months, discounting the certain rise in price. In May lay in your Winter's supply of coal. Coal is always cheapest in May. Buy NOW, at bargain counter rates and bank the difference. Today

Ask about our Credit System for Coal Purchased NOW.

VAN LUVEN
'Phone 92

Horse Races !

Victoria Day

Picton

Tuesday, May 24th

1927

$1,400.00 in Purses

2.16 Trot	$350.00
2.20 Trot or Pace	350.00
2.14 Trot or Pace	350.00
Named Race	350.00

Baseball. - Grand Dance.

Come and bring your friends to Picton

DR. E. M. HARRINGTON, Chairman.
ALEX. P. MacVANNEL, Secretary.

Lifts for Fish.

Some unfathomable instinct tells salmon at spawning time that they must ascend to the farthest possible point of the stream in which they themselves were spawned before depositing their eggs.

A lift service has been established in the famous salmon river regions of Oregon, because for some years the development of power projects has been threatening to make it impossible for the fish to ascend streams where large dams have been built.

The lift is operated by hydraulic pressure, and lifts the salmon (and trout, too) automatically to the stream above a distance of 80 feet. It is shaped like a cylinder, and is eight feet in diameter and 20 feet high. The salmon enter through the lower gate and are lifted and leave through an upper gate.

The fish appear to appreciate the service, for the lift is always crowded when it ascends, about four times an hour.

Color Cures.

By replacing white walls and red coverlets in hospitals with delicate green, yellow, and mauve ones, it is claimed that patients are kept in better temper, sleep well, and leave the hospital three days sooner than under the old conditions.

One individual afflicted with chronic insomnia, went to sleep within an hour in the restful atmosphere of a room decorated in mauve.

Not So Bad.

A touring company was playing to meagre audiences in an Irish town. The manager asked one of the local inhabitants how the theatre was usually supported.

"Oh, not so bad—not so bad," he replied. "Sometimes it's half full and sometimes it's half empty."

Arthur's Seat.

Arthur's seat is a hill rising to a height of 822 feet, close to the city of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland. The view from Arthur's Seat is extensive, varied, and one of the most beautiful in all Great Britain.

Bald-Headed Men Brainiest.

Bald-headed men are brainier than those with luxuriant hair, according to a well-known scientist, who believes that the growth of hair absorbs a large amount of energy.

MARLBANK.

Mrs. Francis Tracey, Sr., is very ill with heart trouble. Mrs. Donnelly, of Sulphide, is with her at present.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Larkin and Miss N. Larkin attended the funeral of Miss Katie Goulah in Tweed on Monday morning.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. John McGrath on May 7th.

Mr. Bailey, milk inspector, spent Tuesday at the cheese factory here.

Mr. Leonard Hopkins has Ward Henderson engaged to paint his house.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public worship. Conducted by the minister.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public worship. Sermon by Mr. J. E. Edmunds, recently of West China, upon "The Flae of the Christian Church in China."
Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Special Sale of Shortening.

This week at Perry's Grocery you can get Shortening in any quantity at 2 lbs. for 25c. Come and get what you want, or phone 130.

The Late Mrs. Robert Lockwood.

The remains of the late Mrs. Robert Lockwood, who passed away at her home in St. Thomas after a lengthy illness, were brought to Newburgh on Friday, for interment. The deceased, who was 71 years of age, was a native of the Township of Camden, Addington County, and a sister of Mr. Edward Long, West street.

Rotary Club.

Mr. G. F. Tomlins, of R. A. Daly Co., Toronto, was guest of the Napanee Rotary Club at their meeting on Tuesday this week. He addressed the club on the subject of "Corporation Financing," and gave a very interesting exposition of the various forms of bonds and securities by which corporations raise the money required to extend their activities. Mr. W. S. Herrington, K.C., was also a guest of the club. One of the features of the meeting was a farewell demonstration to W. A. Grange, Pfresident of Napanee Rotary Club, who is leaving on Friday to sail on the Megantic with other Canadian Rotarians, who are attending the meeting of Rotary International at Ostend, Belgium, in June.

New Arrangement for Handling of Tourists' Automobiles Between Cobourg and Rochester.

The Ontario Car Ferry Company of the Canadian National Railways takes pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been completed for the handling of tourists' automobiles between Cobourg, Ont. and Genesee Dock, N.Y., via the steamers Ontario No. 1 and Ontario No. 2, commencing with the scheduled summer service on May 28th.

This new arrangement will undoubtedly prove of great convenience to automobile tourists who will be able to take full advantage of this short and pleasant direct route between Central Ontario and Central New York State. Only a limited number of cars may be handled on any one trip of the steamers, and in view of the anticipated heavy traffic, it will be necessary to make reservations in advance through the Agent at Cobourg. The charge for each automobile will be $12.50 each way.

Tourists will also require to comply with the regulations of the Canadian and United States Customs respecting the export and entry of their cars. 23-b

The Late Mrs. Jane Snider.

Mrs. Margaret Jane Snyder, widow of the late Geo. Snyder, formerly of Empey Hill, died quite suddenly in Detroit, Mich., on Friday, May 6th. She was stricken very suddenly with acute pneumonia and her death came as a great shock to the family and her many friends in the city. Her funeral took place from her eldest son's residence, on Mothers' Sunday, May 8th, service being conducted by the pastor of the Martha Holmes M. E. Church, taking his text from her favorite chapter, John 14th, "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you," etc. He spoke very feelingly and fittingly to the sorrowing family and friends. As a family dwindles here it increases over there in those many mansions. One of her favorite hymns were sung "Abide with Me," and "Oh God our Help in Ages Past, our Hope in Years to Come ;" also a solo, "Not a Sparrow Falleth." The remains were conveyed to Belleville, Ont., accompanied by her son, Wm., for burial on Monday beside her late husband, G. W. Snyder who predeceased her a little over a year ago. She leaves to mourn her loss, four sons, Harry, William and Roy, of Detroit, and Percy, of Howell, Mich., one sister, Mrs. Morley Anderson, of Detroit, and three sisters in Napanee, Mrs. Elias Smith, Mrs. Emma Card and Mrs. John Milling, and two brothers, Messrs. Wm. and Ebb. Fretts, of South Fredericksburgh, on the homestead farms. The floral wreaths and flowers were many and beautiful.

DESERONTO.

Mr. Arthur Robinson, of Toronto, is spending his holidays as the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Robinson.

Mrs. Radcliffe and Mrs. E. A. Rixen were in Kingston last week attending the meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Ontario.

Mr. James Whitton, who last year managed the High School hockey team, and who has had much to do with the sport in the town for the past three or four years, has arranged a baseball game for the twenty-fourth, of May. The present students against the former students. On the students line-up will be such well known players as "Bub" Gaulin, now with the Point Anne Intermediates, Bill Joyce, Tom Hetherington, Buster Whitton, Arthur Robinson, Edward, and Jack Roach and many others.

Mr. Sidney Kitchen spent the week-end in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kitchen are busy packing their household effects prior to moving to Cobourg where they will reside in the future.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church : Sunday School 10 a.m. ; Public Worship 11 a.m.
Hay Bay Church : Sunday School 2.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Gretna Church : Sunday School 10 a.m. ; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.
Rev. F. L. Brown, D.D., will speak at each service

ST. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of St. Mary Magdalene Church :
Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Moving.

Miss West is removing her dressmaking establishment from the present premises on John street, to the cottage next to Dr. Cameron Wilson's on Robert street. 25-a

Stores Closed May 24th.

At a meeting of the Mercantile Committee of the Chamber of Commerce it was decided to ask the stores in Napanee to close their places of business on May 24th and to remain open on June 3rd.

NAPANEE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. 25-a

Napanee Women's Institute.

The May meeting of the Napanee Women's Institute will be held in the usual place on Thursday, the 19th inst., at 2.30 p.m. The speaker for this district in the summer series of lectures, Mrs. C. F. Robertson, Lanark, President of the Provincial Women's Institute, will address the meeting. The topic chosen is "Co-operation of Branch, District and Provincial Organization."

County Roads to be Paved.

On Friday the County Roads Commission met in Napanee and awarded the Amiesite Paving Co. a contract to lay permanent pavement on two miles of the Selby road, two miles on the Hamburgh road and one and one fifth miles on the Newburgh road ,commencing in each instance at the boundaries of Napanee. The County is spending an extra large amount of money on the county road system this year and the roads commission in deciding to put a permanent top on several miles of road, is making an effort to get away from the large expenditure required annually to maintain these roads in fair condition. If succeeding councils follow up this proceedure, in a few years the county will have a considerable stretch of permanent county roads.

Lawn Tennis Club.

The annual meeting which was held last week, was largely attended and it was planned to get the grounds in shape as soon as possible. The membership fee has been fixed at $3.00 and for those attending school, $2.00. The following are the officers for 1927: Hon. President, Judge J. H. Madden ; president, W. J. Doller; 1st vice-president, Judge J. E. Madden ; 2nd. vice-president, Lorne Wartman ; secretary treasurer, K. S. Ham ; executive committee, Rev. A. J. Wilson, Miss Katherine Gleeson, Miss B. Davern, J. L. Murray and Ralph Cowle ; grounds committee, J. L. Murray, chairman, Rev. A. J. Wilson, Lorne Wartman ; match committee, K. S. Ham, chairman, Malcolm Corkill, Goldwin Smith. The clubs in the circuit are Tweed, Madoc, Point Anne, Deloro, Deseronto, Campbellford, Belleville and Napanee.

I. O. F. District Lodge.

The annual meeting of Napanee District No. 48, I.O.O.F., was held in Odessa on Wednesday evening last. District Deputy Grand Master Blake Switzer, presiding. Delegates were present from Deseronto, Napanee, Yarker Enterprise, Tamworth, and Odessa. C. E. Walker, of Rapid Lodge, Yarker, was elected to the office of District Deputy Grand Master to succeed B. Switzer, and G. H. Sagar, of Deseronto Lodge, was re-elected District Secretary. Messrs. Frank Bell, Fred J. Vanalstyne and Harry E. Thompson, representing Napanee Lodge No. 80, and Messrs. W. H. Roe, J. W. Thompson, J. A. Birrell, Geo. White's and A. G. Ford, represented Argyll Lodge No. 212. A social half hour was enjoyed by all at the conclusion of the business of the evening, during which time the Odessa brothers served a most delightful lunch. An invitation was accepted to hold the next District Meeting at Yarker.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

Golfing Supplies.

We are in a position to offer a complete set of clubs, including Driver, Mid-iron, Mashie, and Putter, for only $8.75.

Brassie may be substituted for Driver, or Niblic for Mashie.

With White Canvas Caddie Bag the same set sells at $10.75, and with heavier bags, can be supplied at $12.75 up.

This set is of good quality, and will give the beginner the best of service. These clubs can be supplied separately.

Ask our prices on all Golfing Supplies.

PAUL'S BOOKSTORE

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.30 a.m.—Rev. Edmunds will speak on "The Native Church in the Present Chines Grisis."
11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.
6.30—Organ recital.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach on "The Cross in the Garden."
Tuesday, 8 p.m.—Open meeting of the W.M.S.
Wednesday, 6.30.—Y.P.S. banquet.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
May 16th, 1927.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening, Mayor E. J. Roy presiding.

Present:—Reeve Boyes and Councillors Simpson, Dunbar, Kimmerly and Jewell.

The minutes of the last regular and adjourned meetings were read and confirmed.

A communication was read from the Mayor of Windsor, asking the council to pass a resolution, a copy of which accompanied the letter, relating to the question now pending between Canada and the United States, relating to workmen living in Canada and crossing the border daily to work in the States.

Laid on the table until later in the evening.

A communication was read from Mrs. A. D. Snider, on behalf of the W.C.T.U., asking for a rebate on rent paid for use of town hall for their rummage sale.

On motion of Reeve Boyes and Councillor Jewell, the request was granted and a check for $8.00 will be issued.

A lengthy communication from the Ontario Department of Health recommended that the local tourist camp be put in good shape prior to an inspection being made in order that it may be approved by the Department.

Ordered filed.

On motion of Councillors Simpson and Kimmerly, the Parks Committee were instructed to cooperate with the Horticultural Society in some work which will be done in the town parks.

Mr. Geo. Grieve appeared before the council in reference to supplying ballast to be used on the streets during the oiling process.

Referred to the Streets Committee with power to act.

Coun. Jewell, chairman of Town Property Committee among other things reported that a field owned by the town had been rented to Mr. Barrett for a pasture field for the sum of $20.00 ; also that a garden lot owned by the town had been rented to Mr. Henry Storms for the sum of $10.00.

Moved by Coun. Simpson, seconded by Coun. Jewell, that the Parks Committee be instructed to procure a description of the town's property on the north bank of the river on Dundas street, and to interview Mr. Mooney regarding the drawing of boundary lines. Carried.

The officials of the R. C. Church made enquiry concerning the excess dirt which would come off Centre street, some of which they would like to get for filling purposes in the preparing of a bed fr a lawn tennis court.

Referred to the Streets Committee with power to act.

Mayor Roy reported to Council that Fred A. Perry is leaving his lot, at the corner of Dundas and Robert streets cleaned up, and that the intention was to erect a modern two-storey garage and service station.

Messrs. G. A. Wiseman and Alpine Wood presented a petition to the council asking for the construction of a permanent pavement on Bridge street, between Centre and Robert streets.

Speaking on behalf of the petitioners, Messrs. Wiseman and Wood pointed out that the roadway of the above mentioned block was in a very bad condition and was a source of continued expense to the permanent pavement. At present it was a mud hole from one end to the other.

At present the council was in possession of plans and specifications and approximate cost of a permanent pavement on Bridge street, from East street westerly to the east side of Robert street, and considerable discussion and expressions of opinion took place as to whether it was advisable to construct the block of pavement asked for by the petitioners, or to extend the pavement above referred to. Some members of the council thought it might be a wise move to pave four blocks, as from the present outlook later this year, it might be a good long time before any more permanent pavement work wuld be done in Napanee.

Moved by Councillors Simpson and Dunbar that the council have published in the press a notice of intention to construct a permanent pavement on Bridge street from East street westerly to West street. Carried.

A by-law was passed appointing Mr. M. P. Graham a Deputy-Clerk for the Town of Napanee, during the absence of Mr. W. A. Grange, who leaves on Friday for a trip to Ostend, Belgium.

A resolution along the lines asked for by the Mayor of Windsor was passed and a copy of same ordered sent to Mr. John Hubbs, M.P., for Prince Edward-Lennox.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid :

D. B. Wilson	8 35
J. M. Graham	2 05
J. S. Reid	1 00
Express Printing House	79 50
Jas. Walters	48 00
Contract Record, Toronto	6 60
N. Castaldi	15 00

Roofing.

Use Johns-Mansville asbestos, asphalt, slate surfaced shingles and roll roofing. Will not burn or rot.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Congress Playing Cards, recognized as the finest in the world, $1.00 a package in either Bridge or ordinary. Other cards 40 and 50c. at Wallace's Drug Store.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS: TIERNEY
WOOD & SKEANS
FUEL, MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
AND MANY OTHER LINES
HOME PHONE OFFICE 91 YARD OFFICE 190

Notice.

The insurance business formerly conducted by the late M. C. Bogart has been taken over by J. W. Metzler.

C. B. DALY,
19-f Executor.

Always fresh ! Your favorite Laura Secord Candy, direct from the Toronto studio, at Wallace's, 60c. a lb.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

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Also a two reel comedy.
And a two reel Western.

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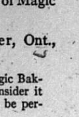

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER

ADELPHIA FOR SALE

May Soon Be Moving Day for Authors In Old London.

What Sir James Barrie told the sparrows on the London Embankment treetops when he read that his beloved Adelphi was for sale "for possible redevelopment" is not to be revealed, remarks a Canadian Press correspondent. And for once, he adds, words failed George Bernard Shaw.

The effrontof destroy one of the remnants of Old London, with all its literary associations, is likely to cause grave concern to more than those two famous dwellers in this Upper Bohemia, which was the haunt of such as David Garrick, Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith.

The two acres of commanding site overlooking the river—the view of the Thames from Adelphi is held by many people to be the finest in London—is to be offered for sale by auction. It includes all Adelphi Terrace, Nos. 1-4 John street, part of Robert street, and the little Theatre —a cloistered recess in the heart of London. It is anticipated Adelphi will bring about £750,000.

The present leases expire in 1922, and the site will then be "available for redevelopment." "Redevelopment" applied to Adelphi will probably mean skyscrapers, and skyscrapers would kill all the romance now to be found in Aggidon's "catacombe," as the Adelphi Arches are called. These are the massive foundations upon which the Terrace, John street, Robe.. street and Adam street are built.

When the Scottish brothers Adam brought their army of workmen from Scotland to build Adelphi—on the strains of the bagpipes, which were intended to spur them on to greater effort — there was nothing but a "noisome mud-flat" at the edge of the Thames, where Durham House had once stood. They built upon piles of solid masonry, and raised the Terrace to the level of the Strand.

From the Strand runs a labyrinth of passages. The dark archways which Dickens knew remain, and there are still David Copperfields washing bottles. If the "redevelopment" takes place, Shaw, Sir James Barrie, Edmund Gwenn, Lord Weir, L. J. Maxse, Dr. Haden Guest and others will have to go.

When Mr. Shaw was asked what he thought about the prospect of eviction, he replied that he had nothing to say except that he had no intention of buying the site.

LISTER'S GREAT WORK

Revolutionized the Art of Surgery by Discovery of Antiseptic Principle.

Surgeons the world over pay grateful tribute to the memory and work of the late Lord Lister, the great Englishman, who was born on April 5th a hundred years ago, who revolutionized the art of surgery by his discovery of the antiseptic principle," says an Old Country paper.

If he had not fought the great fight for antiseptic surgery, and won, yours might have been the fate of countless others—to have survived an operation and then to have died because the wound became septic.

Lister's discovery altered all that. He had the joy, too, of seeing his great discovery become incorporated in surgical science. It has been said that if those wounded in the war, who eventually recovered, had met Lister, were formed up, a vast army of six millions would hail him as their saviour.

His life is not only immensely interesting, but holds a great inspiration. His forbears were Quakers, and plain truth-men and women of the City of London. From his father, whose work and investigations in optics gained a Fellowship of the Royal Society, he inherited a love of science, and whilst still at school he wrote essays on "The Human Structure," and similar subjects. He dissected fish and small animals, and articulated their skeletons. Then, still a child, he suddenly announced that when he grew up he would be a surgeon.

It was entirely his own idea. No Lister had ever dreamt of embarking on a professional career. His father disapproved him at first, but when it was clear that the boy's bent was to science, he raised no further obstacle. And for that we may be grateful, for it was in the second young Lister started his studies at University College, London.

Nothing would turn him from his task. He took his B.A. degree, and then began his medical studies in grim earnest at University College Hospital. He began his study of surgery early after the discovery of anesthetics, and he was present at the first operation at which ether was used.

He welcomed that as eliminating shocking element in operations—the pain inflicted—but his heart was saddened when he followed up his cases that the wards of the hospital that came from septic and gangrened wounds. Not long afterwards he read a paper before the Hospital Medical Society on "Hospital Gangrene"—the first step towards his goal of antiseptic surgery.

Having gained a B.A. and M.B. and become a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lister began his real work. It was a long campaign against wound infection and hospital diseases. He taught, lectured, wrote, demonstrated, challenged. He stirred public opinion by pointing out that surgeons were killing their own patients by causing wound-infection. The very operating coats they wore lasted from year to year and acquired an increasing filth of which the owners seemed proud! Instruments were not properly cleaned—nor the hands of the surgeons. The tale, if fully told, would seem incredible to us. But it was what Lister found, fought against, and ultimately abolished.

To deal here with the whole range of his antiseptic treatment in detail is impossible, and would require the use of difficult medical and surgical terms. But there is no hospital gangrene nowadays; no infection of wounds. His Gospel of Cleanliness—for that is the basis of the antiseptic treatment—has won.

WASTE WE CANNOT AVOID

New Ways of Dealing With Waste Are Constantly Being Invented.

In pre-war days, when we used golden coins instead of flimsy paper notes, the waste of coin was a big one item, says an Old Country paper. In Britain alone £40,000 worth of gold dust was worn off gold coins and left sticking in our pockets, all of which was as completely lost as though it had been thrown into the depths of the sea.

To-day sovereigns burn holes in no pockets, but are stored in banks, yet even so they move about, for, in order to balance trade between ourselves and other countries, large consignments of bullion frequently cross the oceans. Carefully packed as they are, there is still an extraordinary amount of waste, and these travels cost the Mint not less than £5,000 a year.

New ways of dealing with waste are constantly being invented. Aniline dyes are made from coal tar, tons of woollen rags are turned to afresh, the refuse of great towns is made into manure, bricks, and other things, while the remains of horses to produce power and all great factories everything is done to reduce waste to a minimum.

At the same time there goes on constantly an enormous wastage that is beyond remedy. To coat a main road something like a ton of stone is required per lineal yard, or, say, 1,500 to 2,000 tons to the mile. Every four or five years the road requires recoating. Yet the tiniest pieces not get higher and higher. The road metal is broken up into dust by traffic and blown away across the landscape. The tyres of the vehicles that cause this wastage also wear away, and thousands of tons of rubber are yearly ground to dust which disappears. Our boot soles vanish similarly, and it is estimated that over nine million pounds' worth of leather is yearly worn off.

Calculating that a ton of tobacco leaf yields four hundredweight of ash, about 9,000 tons of ash are annually committed to the dustbin, or to the roads, by smokers in Britain alone. This ash has a very high value as a manure, but no way has ever been devised of using it and it does not seem possible that such will ever be the case.

Then take tea, of which some 350 million pounds is used each year in British tea-pots. Expended tea-leaves are rich in tannin, in chlorophyll, and caffeine, all products of considerable value. Could these waste tea-leaves be gathered together they would be worth something like half a million.

At large cattle markets, and down the drains of London in the form of soap-suds. Fat or oil used in making soap is worth something like five pence a pound, and owing to the fact that London's water is hard, each thousand gallons of it wastes eighteen pounds of soap fat. It would not pay to attempt to recover this fat from sewage, yet there is no other way of saving it.

All our lighting methods consist in heating a body to a high temperature. When a degree of over 500 centigrade has been reached the heat rays become visible as light. An ordinary gas flame gives only one per cent. of light, ninety-nine per cent. being used up in heat, while even in the case of electric light we get barely ten per cent. of the energy consumed in the form of light.

The glow-worm and the firefly are able to produce light without heat at all, yet man has been unable to copy them.

CONFEDERATION AND AFTER
SIXTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

Executive Officers of the National Committee for the Celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation.

IDEA OF CONFEDERATION

Who first conceived the idea of linking together in a strong and permanent union the scattered colonies of British North America it would be difficult to say. Probably, like a good many other important movements, this idea of Confederation was a gradual growth, simmering in the minds of a few men of vision until the time was ripe to make it a reality. Most people are inclined to associate it with the Fathers of Confederation, but the idea is much older than their day. They, however, took ahold of it and trimmed and fashioned it into a practical scheme.

Of the thirty-three Fathers of Confederation, perhaps seven may be regarded as the governing minds. These were the actual Fathers of Confederation—Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, Tupper, Brown, McGee, Tilley, and it is probable that Galt, although little is heard of him today, should rank high even among these. Without the influence and enthusiasm of Cartier it would have been impossible to persuade French Canada to consent to the union. Brown ensured the support of the influential Reformers of Upper Canada; Tupper and Tilley won Maritime; Shee by his eloquence swayed the Irish vote; and Macdonald's inimitable leadership piloted Confederation through countless difficulties; but it remain true that without the far-sightedness and statesmanship, the constructive mind of Alexander Galt it is very unlikely if the Dominion would now be celebrating its Diamond Jubilee.

Galt saw years before his associates, that a union of all the provinces was the only solution of the problem, the only way out of the political tangle, which every year was becoming more hopeless. He took the idea of Confederation with him to England, and it is estimated that over nine million pounds' worth of leather is yearly worn off.

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THE SILK-WORM AT WORK

Fascinating Account of One of Nature's Experts.

Very intricate machinery is used in the process of changing a hank of raw silk into a silk stocking and we appreciate the clever brains which invented it. But not by any means thought to the little silkworm's machinery—a thousand times more intricate, and delicate is good description—which converts the silk fluid into a thread before it is ready for man's machines.

Silk begins as a fluid which is manufactured by a pair of small glands inside the worm's head. It is not a silky fluid at first, but a kind of horn—if you can imagine horn melted down and diluted. This substance, which is called "sericin," gives silk its toughness and elasticity. It is not pure, but contains a certain amount of coloring matter and some wax and fat.

Immediately on leaving the glands the fibroin flows into a minute reservoir, where it is surrounded by a second material called "sericin," which is manufactured by another pair of glands. This is a gummy fluid, which forms an outer covering to the fibroin and gives it a shining appearance.

Now the silk material is complete, and only requires to be formed into thread. After passing through the reservoir, it is forced into two little flattened tubes with strong nozzles that work above and below them, and squeeze out the silk in the form of two tiny ribbons.

There is another use for this "press," for the muscles can tighten on the tubes until they are entirely closed, and hold the thread fast. This is necessary when the thread is spun, when the caterpillar is working with it, for in weaving its cocoon it must have a grip upon its material just like any other worker, and be able to pause when needed.

If the flow through the press were entirely automatic, there would be difficulties in manipulating the material, but this muscular pressure is just enough to regulate it according to the caterpillar's requirements.

The two little ribbons are next welded together by means of another minute organ, and issue from the caterpillar's mouth as one thread, which hardens directly it is exposed to the air.

If this silk is boiled in soapy water it will be found to separate again into two fine threads. All the time the caterpillar is using it, more material is being manufactured by the silk glands.

This double thread is strong enough for this insect's purposes, but is far too fine for our use, so the threads of several cocoons have to be spun together. When a silk merchant comes out of the cocoon where it has been undergoing its transformation, it breaks through the thread at the tip, so the cocoons have to be unwound before the silk can be used, and much inside must be killed before it wakes from its trance. Then the end of the silk has to be picked up to start the thread as long as possible when it has been unwound.

Eight cocoons at a time are used in the making of ribbons, and fourteen in making velvets. The length of thread which can be taken from one cocoon of the mulberry silkworm varies very much, but the average yield of a thousand cocoons is about 500 yards of silk ready to be placed on the loom.

The Latest Cure-All.

Spine-correction is the latest craze of women health faddists. They pay fabulous visits to chiropractors for the inspection and correction of their spines, just as many people pay periodical visits to the dentist.

It is claimed that influenza and appendicitis, liability to colds or headaches, and a hundred and one other ills may be cured by correction of the spine. So popular has this new art of healing become that chiropractors are now numbered by the thousand, have colleges of their own, and are protected by law.

There is one principle acknowledged as sound by many of the most eminent doctors. It is that connection between the brain and every organ is made by means of nerves. If there is anything wrong with an organ it is just as likely that it has been caused by interference with the communication between the brain and that organ by the entrance into the organ of a foreign substance. The only place where such interference could take place is the only place where a nerve passes between two movable bones—the spine. The slightest displacement of the spine, which may easily take place through lack of exercise, by sitting continually with a bent back, or by many minor happenings, may cause pressure on a nerve, which will cause disease in the organ with which it communicates.

WILD MEN OF ALBANIA

LAST STRONGHOLD OF MIDDLE AGES IN EUROPE.

A Nation of Nearly a Million People Whose Main Interest In Life Is Cattle-Raiding and Mutual Assassination.

Albanians have been called the wild men of Europe. In an article in the London Daily Mail, G. Ward Price says the Albanian is far more primitive than some of the savage races of Central Africa.

Albania is the last stronghold of the Middle Ages in Europe, and in 1927 its social customs and outlook are precisely what those of the Highlands of Scotland were in the fifteenth century.

The Albanians, tall, gaunt, black-haired, hook-nosed; fierce-eyed mountaineers, dress rough in a national costume—the most picturesque that still exists—of white fleece trimmed with black braid, and wear a skull cap set on the top of their curiously egg-shaped, shaven heads.

Those in the north are Roman Catholic; their neighbors in the centre are Mahommedan; and the Albanians of the south are Greek Orthodox.

These differences in religion, combined with the hardship of gaining an honest living among the stony mountains where they live, have produced a nation of just under a million people whose main interest in life is cattle-raiding and mutual assassination.

The vendetta is to every healthy minded Albanian what football and horse-racing represent to the normal Englishman. The Albanian mountaineer lives in a great stone tower with no windows below the level of the second storey, and the windows above that are little more than narrow slits for use as loop-holes. He would no more think of going out to graze his sheep or fetch water from the well without carrying his rifle at his back than the Londoner would venture forth on a rainy day without umbrella or coat.

An Englishman friend of mine who had travelled in that country brought away an Albanian youth to act as his servant. He found to his cost that had retained this young fellow's respect until the day when the Albanian discovered that under no circumstances can a servitor form part of the Englishman's evening dress.

But amid all their elaborate complications of blood feud all that dates back for generations the Albanians retain the charming and simple virtues of a race of mountaineers. Hospitality to the stranger, the desire to entertain their worst enemy if he appeals to them in his name, and while he is their guest they would die rather than betray his confidence, even though they fully intend to shoot him dead the first time they chance to meet him after he leaves.

Small battles between villages are of quite frequent occurrence. It was once my experience to be present at such an affair, which, as it was fought on each side were engaged. They lay among the rocks, armed with rifles of widely varying types and calibre, and fired away at range of about 300 or 400 yards, with small effect until the side which I accompanied received a casualty—a dead man, without the least sense of lost dignity to the bullet-proof security of its mountain fastness, and withdrew towards its village.

After the Balkan War of 1912 the Great Powers decided that Albania should be independent. Twenty-five years ago Albania was a name that dates for this throne, which fell to Prince William of Wied, who presented a picturesque musical comedy until the Albanians rose and besieged him in his supporters rose and besieged Prince William in Durazzo, out, of which the "Mpret"—a title specially Albanian—and his household anxiously directly the world war broke ou.

During the war Albania was a cockpit of Italian, French and Austrian armies. The Peace Conference re-established it in nominal independence, and among those whom the Albanians are understood to have contemplated as suitable candidates to whom to offer the throne of Albania are so widely varying a selection as Lord Robert Cecil, the late ex-President Roosevelt, and Mr. Harry Sinclair, owner of the racehorse Zev.

As You Were!

The military instructor at a certain school was explaining the whole matter of the afeeties of military technique, slipped up a little in his instructions one day and figuratively got the companions' goat in the chase. He was explaining the military movement of "halt," and this is the way he wanted it done.

"Now, my men," he said, "when I say 'Halt!' put the foot that is on the ground beside the one that is in the air and stand motionless."

Eat Raw Carrots.

Carrots eaten raw will benefit the complexion and the blood, it is long known to our grandmen, who give this vegetable to their horses to improve their coats.

The Cat'-Eye Clock.

The Chinese can tell time fairly accurately by looking at a cat's eye, the pupils becoming narrow or wide according as the sun approaches and dilating gradually as afternoon wears on.

Holding His Own.

A bashful young Scot was walking out with his sweetheart, a bright Irish colleen. At a quiet spot he plucked up courage to put his arm round her waist, at the same time whispering.

"Am I gettin' ony forwarder?"

"Maybe not darling," said the girl, "but you are at least holding your own."

Wore Shoes 200 Short.

Examination of 225 pupils in New York schools showed that 154 wore faulty shoes, most of which were too short.

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SEEING THROUGH THE EARTH

Electricity to Help the Prospector to "See Underground."

Another chapter in the romance of man's search for the world's hidden mineral wealth is opened by recent developments in the method of "seeing underground" by electricity.

Research tests are now being made in South Africa, and in some of our overseas Dominions, says an article in Fii-Bits, with a view to exploring the application of this method in prospecting for oil, gold, copper, platinum, and other valuable minerals.

This harnessing of science to aid industry is expected to save millions by replacing costly boring methods, and at the same time it should also help to safeguard the investing public against wild-cat prospecting schemes and the dangers of fraud.

Even now, hidden away below a few feet of alluvial covering, there may yet lie immense stores of natural wealth awaiting location and development. Since the profitable location of these deposits cannot be solved by indiscriminate boring, some system of intelligent exploration must be adopted.

Prospecting nowadays has come to mean, not "foraging" on the surface, but searching in the depths of the earth. The method cannot always tell us what is underground, and without this knowledge boring and drilling are both too risky and expensive.

For instance, a borehole may cost £5,000, and even in such a likely field for oil as Mexico one-half of the drillings were unsuccessful in 1923 and two-thirds in 1924. In the United States in 1923 the expenses unnecessarily caused by dry holes in boring amounted to $150,000,000.

To reduce this risk and to obtain greater knowledge of surface, the geophysical methods of prospecting, whereby the deposits can be "seen" underground, are being developed.

The electrical method of "seeing underground" is causing most interest at the moment of writing. Research experts, working in laboratories, by means of linking science and industry in exploiting the Empire's resources. The method is really an outcome of the wireless discoveries made with quite a different purpose during the war.

An Austrian engineer engaged in listening for wireless communications by using wireless earth telephones made observations on the conductivity of various soils and rocks, and it was from these war-time notes that the development of electrical prospecting received its impetus.

The method is easy to understand. If an apple is cut in half, lines can be seen running on each side of the core, from the stalk end to the flower end. These lines are the veins from the stalk to the flower end in every part of this half apple.

These illustrate how the invisible lines of force will run through the earth if they are started from two electrical points fixed elsewhere, and correspond to the stalk and flower ends of the apple).

Suppose, though, that in the earth there are deposits of iron. Because iron is a good conductor of electricity, these will tend to give an easier path to the lines of force than will clay or rock of the same size. The lines of force will then tend to squeeze in together to obtain an easy run home through the iron deposit to the other electrical point.

On the other hand, if there is a pool of oil in their pathway, the lines of force find it very difficult to get through. The oil, since oil is a bad conductor. Hence, they separate widely and pass round, so avoiding the oil.

It is obvious that if some means is available of following out the paths of these lines of force, knowledge can be had of the position of any deposits in the area.

Chicago's "Baby Marketer."

Chicago, made internationally notorious by the wide variety and spectacular nature of its crimes, is found to have possessed a carefully organised baby market.

From it women desiring to deceive their husbands or levy tribute on errant lovers' bachelors could purchase babies for prices ranging from $250 to $1,500.

The discovery of the market is attributed to the arrest of a young woman to blackmail a police official, and while in the resulting investigation the black-mailer escaped, three women accused of operating the market were arrested.

One was the wife of a highly respected lawyer with a large and wealthy clientele. When faced by the police shortly before his wife's arrest he killed himself with a capsule containing poison.

A Sailor's "Paradise."

Women and money will be barred from a new island group of young sailors have announced they will found on Santa Maria Island in the South Seas. The sailors have all been divorced, separated from ill-tutured wives, or disappointed in love.

Secret Re-discovered.

Secrets of glass-making, including the making of a brilliant scarlet, non-transparent glass, known to the old Egyptians and Chinese centuries ago and then lost, have recently been re-discovered in England.

STRING FROM HUMAN HAIR.

Native Saws Off Wife's Tresses With Sharpened Stone.

During a journey through the heart of Northern Australia, Mr. Michael Terry had many weird and interesting adventures which he relates in his book, "Through a Land of Promise."

Amongst other strange things he describes is a particularly interesting if somewhat gruesome industry practiced at a native camp at Billiluna. This is the making of string.

The native hair string is a bandful of his wife's hair and without the least concern saws off the tresses with a sharpened stone. Having cut off a fistful of locks he proceeds to twist them into a ball; then, holding this loosely in his hand, he draws out a thin thread ready for twisting.

Working like a saddler twining thread, he rolls it on his thigh and twists it into a coarse string. This he twists round a rough bobbin crudely fashioned of two green twigs, one split to hold the other.

Apparently one of the most important duties of his native wife is to keep growing a plentiful supply of hair which her husband can use whenever necessary. The system is not confined to wives, for a husband is also entitled to his mother-in-law's hair.

Mr. Terry toys with the idea of what would happen if white husbands found themselves automatically vested with this right by marriage. There is certainly plenty of scope for vivid imagination here.

Six Brains a Year!

If you are thirty, you have had, so far, 180 sets of brains, for the "grey matter" is renewed six times yearly. Each set was of different quality from its fellows. That was due to various factors—diet being one of the chief. If, for example, you had a temporary lik.ne.r of parsnips, the brain set that had the benefit of the latter would be a good one, for parsnips are rich in phosphorus, which contain prussic acid, are bad for the brain.

If, for three months, you ate large quantities of cucumbers and apples, your brain would be in first-class fettle. But it would get no benefit from carrots. Nor is a diet of strawberries a fine brain-builder.

Even the season of the year has its effect on the brain. The best sets are those that are formed in December or March. The worst are the August and October sets.

Assuming you began to think consciously at the age of five, then at thirty, if you have done an average amount of thinking, your "improved" would be something like 2,400,000,000. Those whose work is entirely mental would double those figures.

A woman's brain is about five ounces lighter than a man's, but it is of superior quality—of a higher specific gravity. It lasts longer, too, and on an average weighs at sixty had a twenty per cent. better brain than a man of the same age!

Bid to Shave the World.

Although the War Office has chosen an American safety-razor with which to shave the British Army, Britain holds its own back by making a bid to shave America. Sheffield—the home of the razor-blade industry, is waging a spirited war with American rivals.

The British blade cost twice as much as the American product, but the new blades are of superior quality of the British article, so that it seems curious that the safety-razor contract for the British army should have been given to America.

In the manufacture of razor blades in England only British material is used, and the machines employed are all British design and made of British steel. In one Sheffield factory there are 2,000 machines and 3,000 people are employed.

Ancient Assyria Used Fingerprints.

On the brick tablets of the Royal Library of Nineveh are marks which suggest that the science of finger-prints was practiced in ancient Assyria. It is known that finger-prints were used for identification purposes in China in A.D. 700.

Chameleons.

Some varieties of chameleons will only drink by catching drops of moisture as they fall from leaves. In captivity therefore, they must have to be sprayed every day to keep them from dying of thirst.

How He Knew.

Edward: "There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married."

Ethel: "How do you know?"

"I've asked them."

One In Every Twenty.

One person out of every twenty of England's population is a motorist, judging by the number of licenses issued. In America the proportion is one in six.

The Gods of Mars

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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The officer saluted and left me. The men filed rapidly past me and entered the diverging corridor which I hoped would lead to safety.

The water rose breast high. Men stumbled, floundered and went down. Many I grasped and set upon their feet again, but alone the work was greater than I could cope with. Soldiers were being swept beneath the boiling torrent never to rise.

At length the drop of the tenth utan took a stand beside me. He was a valorous soldier, Gur Tus by name, and together we kept the now thoroughly frightened troops in the semblance of order and rescued many that would have drowned otherwise.

Djor Kantos, son of Kantos Kan, and a padwar of the fifth utan, joined us when his utan reached the opening through which the men were fleeing. Thereafter not a man was lost of all the hundreds that remained to pass from the main corridor to the branch.

As the last utan was filing past us the waters had risen until they surged about our necks, but we clasped hands and stood our ground until the last man had passed to the comparative safety of the new passageway. Here we found an immediate and steep ascent, so that within a hundred yards we had reached a point above the waters.

For a few minutes we continued rapidly up the steep grade, which I hoped would soon bring us quickly to the upper pits that led into the temple of Issus. But I was to meet with a cruel disappointment.

Suddenly I heard a cry of "Fire!" far ahead, followed almost at once by cries of terror and the loud commands of dwars and padwars, who were evidently attempting to direct their men away from some grave danger. At last the report came back to us:

"They have fired the pits ahead!"

"We are hemmed in by flames in front and flood behind!"

"Help, John Carter!" We are suffocating!"

Back upon us at the rear swept a wave of dense smoke that sent us stumbling and blinded into a choking retreat.

There was naught to do other than seek a new avenue of escape. The fire and smoke were to be feared a thousand times over the water, and so I seized upon the first passage which led out of and up from the suffocating smoke that was engulfing us.

Again I stood to one side while the soldiers hastened through on the new way. Some 2,000 must have passed at a rapid run when the stream ceased, but I was not sure that all had been rescued who had not passed the point of origin of the flames, and so to assure myself that no poor devil was left behind to die a horrible death unsuccored I ran quickly up the gallery in the direction of the flames, which I could now see burning with a dull glow far ahead.

It was hot and stifling work, but at last I reached a point where the fire lit up the corridor sufficiently for me to see that no soldier of Helium lay between me and the conflagration. What was in it or upon the far side I could not know, nor could any man have passed through that seething hell of chemicals and lived to tell of it.

Having satisfied my sense of duty, I turned and ran rapidly back to the corridor through which my men had passed. To my horror, however, I found that my retreat in this direction had been blocked. Across the mouth of the corridor stood a massive steel grating that had evidently been lowered from its resting place above for the purpose of effectually cutting off my escape.

A thousand times I berated myself for being drawn into such a trap as I might have known these pits easily could be. Now I saw that it would have been much better to have kept our force intact and made a concerted attack upon the temple from the valley side, trusting to chance and our great fighting ability to have overwhelmed the Black Pirates and compelled the safe delivery of Dejah Thoris to me.

The smoke from the fire was forcing me farther and farther back down the corridor toward the waters which I could hear surging through the darkness.

With my men had gone the last torch. Nor was this corridor lighted by the radiance of phosphorescent rock as were those of the lower levels. It was this fact that reassured me that I was not far from the upper pits which lie directly beneath the temple.

Finally I felt the lapping waters about my feet. The smoke was thick behind me. My suffering was intense.

There seemed but one thing to do and that to choose the easier death which confronted me, and so I moved on down the corridor until the cold waters of Omean closed about me and I swam on through utter blackness toward—what?

The instinct of self preservation is strong even when one is unafraid and the possession of his highest reasoning faculties, knows that death—positive and unalterable—lies just ahead.

So I swam slowly on, waiting for my head to touch the top of the corridor, which would mean that I had reached the limit of my flight and the point where I must sink forever to an unmarked grave.

To my surprise I ran against a blank wall before I reached a point where the waters came to the roof of the corridor. Could I be mistaken? I felt round. No; I had come to the main corridor, and still there was a breathing space between the surface of the water and the rocky ceiling above.

Then I turned up the main corridor in the direction that Carthoris and the head of the column had passed a half hour before. On and on I swam, my heart growing lighter at every stroke, for I knew that I was approaching the point where there would be no chance that the waters ahead could be deeper than they were about me.

A few more strokes brought me to a point where my feet touched the floor, and soon thereafter I was above the water level entirely and racing like mad along the corridor, searching for the first doorway that would lead me to Issus.

If I could not have Dejah Thoris again I was at least determined to avenge her death, nor would any life satisfy me other than that of the fiend incarnate who was the cause of such immeasurable suffering upon Barsoom.

Sooner than I had expected I came to what appeared to me to be a sudden exit into the temple above. It was at the right side of the corridor, which ran on probably to other entrances to the pile above.

Without waiting to be again discovered and thwarted, I ran quickly up the short, steep incline and pushed open the doorway at its end.

The portal swung slowly in, and before it could be slammed against me I sprang into the chamber beyond.

Though not yet dawn, the room was brilliantly lighted. Its sole occupant lay prone upon a low couch at the farther side, apparently in sleep.

Cautiously I approached the recumbent figure on noiseless feet. Closer and closer I came to it, but I had crossed but little more than half the chamber when the figure stirred and, as I sprang, rose and faced me.

At first an expression of terror overspread the features of the woman who confronted me, then startled incredulity, hope, thanksgiving.

My heart pounded within my breast as I advanced toward her. Tears came to my eyes.

The words that would have poured forth in a perfect torrent choked in my throat as I opened my arms and took into them once more the woman I loved—Dejah Thoris, princess of Helium.

CHAPTER XVI.

Victory and Defeat.

"JOHN CARTER! John Carter!" she sobbed, with her dear head upon my shoulder, "Even now I can scarce believe the witness of my own eyes. When the girl, Thuvia, told me that you had returned to Barsoom I listened, but I could not understand, for it seemed that such happiness would be impossible for one who had suffered so in silent loneliness for all these long years! At last, when I realized that it was truth and you came to know the awful place in which I was held prisoner, I learned to doubt that even you could reach me here.

"As the days passed and moon after moon went by without bringing even the faintest rumor of you, I resigned myself to my fate. And now that you have come scarce can I believe it.

"For an hour I have heard the sounds of conflict within the palace. I know not what they meant, but I have hoped against hope that it might be the men of Helium, headed by my prince.

"And tell me—what of Carthoris, our son?"

"He was with me less than an hour since, Dejah Thoris," I replied. "It must have been he whose men you have heard battling within the precincts of the temple.

"Where is Issus?" I asked suddenly

Dejah Thoris shrugged her shoulders.

"She sent me under guard to this room just before the fighting began within the temple walls. She said that she would send for me later. She seemed very angry and somewhat fearful. Never have I seen her act in so uncertain and almost terrified a manner.

"Now I know that it must have been because she had learned that John Carter, prince of Helium, was approaching to demand an accounting of her for the imprisonment of his princess."

The sounds of conflict, the clash of arms, the shouting and the hurrying of many feet came to us from various parts of the temple. I knew that I was needed there, but I dared not leave Dejah Thoris, nor dared I take her with me into the turmoil and danger of battle.

At last I bethought me of the pits from which I had just emerged. Why not secrete her there until I could return and fetch her away in safety and forever from this awful place? I explained my plan to her.

For a moment she clung to me.

"I cannot bear to be parted from you now even for a moment, John Carter," she said. "I shudder at the thought of being alone again where that terrible creature might discover me. You do not know her.

"None can imagine her ferocious cruelty who has not witnessed her daily acts for over half a year. It has taken me nearly all this time to realize even the things that I have seen with my own eyes."

"I shall not leave you, then, my princess," I replied.

She was silent for a moment; then she drew my face to hers and kissed me.

"Go, John Carter," she said. "Our son is there and the soldiers of Helium, fighting for the Princess of Helium. Where they are you should be.

"I must not think of myself now, but of them and of my husband's duty. I may not stand in the way of that. Hide me in the pits and go."

I led her to the door through which I had entered the chamber from below. There I pressed her dear form to me, and then, though it gave my heart to do it and filled me only with the blackest shadows of terrible foreboding, I guided her across the threshold, kissed her once again and closed the door upon her.

Without hesitating longer I hurried from the chamber in the direction of the greatest tumult. Scarce half a dozen chambers had I traversed before I came upon the theater of a fierce struggle.

The blacks were massed at the entrance to a great chamber, where they were attempting to block the further progress of a body of red men toward the inner sacred precincts of the temple.

As I struck the first blow I cried aloud, "For Helium!" And then I rained cut after cut upon the surprised warriors, while the reds espoused my voice and with shouts of "John Carter! John Carter!" redoubled their efforts so effectually that before the blacks

"I shall not leave you, then, my princess," I replied.

could recover from their temporary demoralization their ranks were broken and the red men had burst into the chamber.

Five hundred men fought there that day, the black man against the red. No man asked quarter or gave it. As though by common consent they fought as though to determine once and for all their right to live in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest.

I think we all knew that upon the outcome of this battle would hinge forever the relative positions of these two races upon Barsoom. It was a battle between life old and the new, but not for once did I question the outcome of it.

With Carthoris at my side I fought for the red men of Barsoom and from their total emancipation from the throbbing bondage of a hideous superstition. Suddenly a sight met my gaze which sent a wave of exultation over me.

"Look!" I cried. "Men of the Black Pirates, look!"

For an instant the fighting ceased, for like one accord every eye turned in the direction I had indicated, and the sight they saw was one no man of the Black Pirates had ever imagined could be.

Across the gardens, from side to side, stood a wavering line of black warriors, while beyond them and forcing them ever back was a great horde of green warriors astride their mighty thoats. And as we watched one fierce and more grimly terrible than his fellows rode forward from the rear, and as he came he shouted some fierce command to his terrible legion.

It was Tars Tarkas, jeddak of Thark, and as he couched his great forty foot metal shod lance we saw his warriors do likewise. Then it was that we interpreted his command.

Twenty yards now separated the green men from the black line. Another word from the great Thark, and with a wild and terrifying battlecry the green warriors charged.

For a moment the black line held, but only for a moment; then the fearsome beasts that bore equally terrible riders passed completely through it.

After them came Tars Tarkas upon and red men. The green horde broke to surround the temple. The red men charged for the interior, and then we turned to continue our interrupted battle, but our foes had vanished.

My first thought was of Dejah Thoris. Calling to Carthoris that I had found his mother, I started on a run toward the chamber where I had left her, with my boy close beside me. After us came those of our little force who had survived the bloody conflict.

The moment I entered the room I saw that some one had been there since I had left. A silk lay upon the floor. It had not been there before.

There were also a dagger and several metal ornaments strewn about, as though torn from their wearer in a struggle; but, worst of all, the doorway leading to the pits where I had hidden my princess was ajar.

With a bound I was before it and, thrusting it open, rushed within. Dejah Thoris had vanished! I called her name aloud again and again, but there was no response. I think in that instant I hovered upon the verge of insanity. I do not recall what I said or did, but I know that for an instant I was seized with the rage of a maniac.

"Issus!" I cried. "Issus! Where is Issus? Search the temple for her, but let no man harm her but John Carter! Carthoris, where are the apartments of Issus?"

"This way!" cried the boy, and without waiting to know that I had heard him he dashed off at breakneck speed farther into the bowels of the temple.

PAINS ALL OVER BODY

Two More Cases of Feminine Illness Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Barrington, N. S.—"I had terrible feelings, headaches, back and side aches and pains all over my body. I would have to go to bed every month and nothing would do me good. My husband and my father did my work for me as I have two children and we have quite a big place. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then got a little book about it through the mail, and my husband sent to Eaton's and got me a bottle, and then I got more from the store. I am feeling fine now and do all my work and am able to go out around more. I tell my friends it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that makes me feel so well."—Mrs. VICTOR RICHARDSON, Barrington, Nova Scotia.

Dull Pains in Back

St. Thomas, Ont.—"I took four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and found great relief from the dull, heavy pains in the small of my back and the weakness from which I suffered for five years after my boy was born. After taking the Vegetable Compound and using Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash I am feeling better than I have for the past seven years, and advise my friends to take it."—Mrs. P. JOHNSON, 49 Moore Street, St. Thomas, Ont.

"Where Is Dejah Thoris?"

John Carter, prince of Helium, would not contaminate his hand with her blood!

With that I pushed the raving beast, whom a short half hour before a whole world had worshiped as divine, from the platform of her throne into the waiting clutches of her betrayed and vengeful people.

Spying Carthoris among the officers of the red men, I called to him to lead me quickly to the temple of the Sun, and without waiting to learn what fate the Black Pirates would wreak upon their goddess I rushed from the chamber with Carthoris, Hor Vastus, Kantos Kan and a score of other red hobles.

Carthoris led us rapidly through the inner chambers of the temple until we stood within the central court, a great circular space paved with a transparent marble of exquisite whiteness. Before us rose a golden temple wrought in the most wondrous and fanciful designs, inlaid with diamond, ruby, sapphire, turquoise, emerald and the thousand nameless gems of Mars, which far transcend in loveliness and purity of ray the most priceless stones of earth.

"This way," cried Carthoris, leading us toward the entrance to a tunnel, which opened in the courtyard beside the temple.

As we were on the point of descending we heard a deep toned roar burst from the temple of Issus, which we had just quitted, and then a red man, Djor Kantos, padwar of the fifth utan, broke from a nearby gate, crying to us to return.

"The blacks have fired the temple," he cried. "In a thousand places it is burning now. Haste to the outer garden or you are lost."

As he spoke we saw smoke pouring from a dozen windows looking out upon the courtyard of the temple of the Sun, and far above the highest minaret of Issus hung an ever growing pall of smoke.

"Go back, go back!" I cried to those who had accompanied me. "The way, Carthoris; point the way and leave me! I shall reach my princess yet."

"Follow me, John Carter," replied Carthoris, and without waiting for my reply he dashed down into the tunnel at our feet.

At his heels I ran down through a half dozen tiers of galleries until at last he led me along a level floor at the end of which I discerned a lighted chamber.

Massive bars blocked our further progress, but beyond I saw her—my incomparable princess, and with her was Thuvia. When she saw me she rushed toward the bars that separated us. Already the chamber had turned upon its slow way so far that but a portion of the opening in the temple wall was opposite the barred end of the corridor. Slowly the interval was closing. In a short time there would be but a tiny crack, and then that eyen would be closed, and for a long Barsoomian year the chamber would slowly revolve un-

When She Saw Me She Rushed Toward the Bars That Separated Us.

til once more for a brief day the aperture in its walls would pass the corridors end.

But in the meantime what horrible things would go on within that chamber!

I stood and talked with Dejah Thoris, and she stretched her dear hand through those cruel bars, that I might hold it until the last moment.

Thuvia came close also, but when she saw that we would be alone she withdrew to the farther side of the chamber.

For a few minutes we stood thus, talking in low tones. Ever smaller and smaller grew the opening. In a short time now it would be too small even to permit me to see the slender form of my princess.

Above we could hear the faint echoes of a great tumult. It was the multitude of blacks and reds and green men fighting their way through the fire from the burning temple of Issus. A draft from above brought the fumes of smoke to our nostrils.

Presently we heard shouting at the far end of the corridor and hurrying feet.

"Come back, John Carter; come back!" cried a voice. "Even the pits are burning!"

In a moment a dozen men broke through the now blinding smoke to my side. There were Carthoris and Kantos Kan and Hor Vastus, with a few more who had followed me to the temple court.

"I shall remain here beside my princess until a merciful death releases me from my anguish," I declared. "I care not to live."

Dejah Thoris stood as closely to the crack as she could, whispering words of hope and courage to me and urging me to save myself.

The smoke cleared away, and we stood gazing upon a blank wall. The last crevice had closed.

They urged me to leave.

"In a moment it will be too late," cried Kantos Kan. "There is, in fact, but a bare chance that we can get through to the outer garden alive, even now. I have ordered the pumps started, and in five minutes the pits will be flooded. If we would not drown like rats we must hasten above and make a dash for safety through the burning temple."

"Go," I urged them. "Let me die here beside my princess. There is no hope or happiness elsewhere for me. When they carry her dead body from that terrible place a year hence let them find the body of her lord awaiting her."

Of what happened after that I have only a confused recollection. It seems as though I struggled with many men and then that I was picked bodily from the ground and borne away.

I do not know.

THE END.

Genius and Insanity.

Many of the men whose names we revere today in science, art, literature and invention suffered from emotional disturbances, resulting in nerve storm or outbursts of mental violence which can only be described as superacute mania. The poet Cowper had strong suicidal tendencies, as had he wrote "John Gilpin" when suffering from intense melancholia. Shelley had an insane ancestry, and at Eton he was called "Mad Shelley." Charles Lamb had to be placed in an Asylum, and his sister Mary stabbed her mother to the heart while insane. Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy are almost a parallel to Charles and Mary Lamb. At the age of thirty Coleridge was broken down, and he died a wreck at sixty-two. Southey came of an insane stock. The mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, died demented at forty-two. Pope was deformed and rickety, and Keats the neuropath to his finger tips. Byron's mother was unbalanced, and so was his maternal grandfather.—London Globe.

A Garden Song.

Sing a song of gardens
Growing o'er the land,
Every one producing
Vegetables grand.
Onions, lettuce, cabbage,
Radishes and beets.
Oh, it is just splendid,
Raising one's own eats!

Snake Shrines.

Every year the dreaded cobra is responsible for the death of many thousands of people in India, but so sacred is the snake considered that it is difficult to get any Hindu to assist in killing one.

In many Hindu houses these deadly reptiles have regular homes, and are daily fed with milk, and solemnly worshipped morning and evening.

At a place known as Subramanyam, cobras are to be found in practically every house, and on certain festival occasions special services are held in honor of the snake, thousands of people gathering from long distances to participate.

Although at any moment some member of the family may be harbored the snakes might accidentally be bitten—which means certain death—no one safe destroy the cobra on account of its sanctity.

Even where the living snake is not worshipped images of the cobra, carved in stone, are common, and in the early morning one can frequently see men and women offering gifts before these "snake shrines."

Farmers Coming From U. S.

Farmers from the Middle-Western United States will be coming to Canada in droves in the next two years, according to Mark E. Gibson, of Omaha, Nebraska, who recently visited Winnipeg to secure a tract of twenty quarter sections of Canadian Pacific prairie land for himself and twenty families of friends and relatives from Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri.

Writing on Glass.

An ink for writing on glass is prepared by dissolving ten parts of shellac in seventy-five parts of warmed methylated spirit. To this are added eighteen parts of borax mixed with 125 parts of water and 0.5 grammes of methylite violet.

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A Contrast.

On one occasion the well-known William Tough, who made frequent appearances in Aberdeen Police Court, informed the Bailie that in his young days he was boots at the Royal Hotel in Union street, and had as a fellow "boots" that distinguished citizen, the late Mr. James Hay. The magistrate thereupon thought it admissible to indulge in a little homily.

"There were you two men, Tough," he said, "on the same level, with an equal chance of doing well. Mr. Hay built up a fine business, and was able to buy an estate, while you, Tough spent the half of your time in prison, and the other half in the poorhouse."

"Well, Bailie," was the reply, "Mr. Hay did make money, and saved money. I did not make much, and what I made I drank, but Jamie Hay's deid and I'm livin'."

Boy Was Surprised.

A clergyman was digging in his garden when his attention was attracted to a small boy gazing at him intently through the fence.

"Well, my boy," he said to the youngster, "You appear to be very interested in what I am doing. Did you never see a man working before?"

"Oh, yes," said the lad. "I've seen a man workin' before, but never a minister."

Cutting Flowers.

When cutting flowers a part of the foliage should be left, as the plant gathers food through the leaves as well as through the roots.

Keeps Animals In Good Health.

Ultraviolet light is found to be of marked benefit in keeping monkeys, reptiles, and other zoo animals in good health and spirits.

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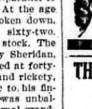

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23-1-y

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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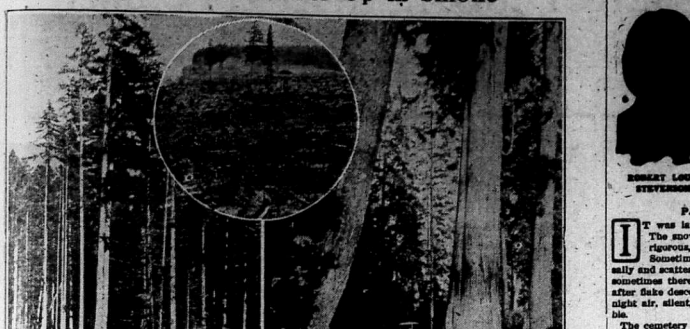
Canadian Wealth Goes Up in Smoke



Left—Right-of-Way near Alberni, B.C. Right—Motoring among the Big Timbers. (Inset)—Farm clearing on Vancouver Island

The forest fire situation in Canada during 1926 again proved a very serious one. Indifference, ignorance and carelessness, and other malevolent forces meant a total loss and gross damage to Canada last year estimated at $7,468,343. Since the exploitation of Canadian forests first began it is estimated that from four to five times the amount of timber actually used has been burned through forest fires. When it is realized that the forests are the second greatest source of wealth, agriculture being first, the waste from forest fires each year can only be likened to the damage done if four-fifths of Canada's great field crops were destroyed each year.

Forest week has been observed this year in Canada from April 25 to 30, coming in the middle of the season when forest fires are often most serious. Perhaps the greatest offenders against the national wealth of the country during the summer and fall months are a great army of tourists and campers which invades the woods from the Pacific to the Atlantic every year.

Stop! Before You Go, See that Your Fire is Out" Warnings worded something to that effect have been posted generously throughout the northern woods, especially in Ontario, and of the thousands of campers there are none who are not familiar with the bright yellow placard and its warning. Yet a deplorable number of tourists who call themselves good campers apparently think that such signs have been posted by the fire rangers merely to point out a good portage.

Burning cigar ends and cigarette stubs and, above all, the little camp fire that doesn't look as though it could do a bit of harm in the world, are the cause of great fires throughout the northern woods that mean a loss of millions annually to Canada.

It has been proved that some of the worst forest fires have been started by some apparently petty carelessness of a camper, and could have been prevented had he stopped for a minute or two and thrown a few pails of water on the smouldering embers. The camper who fails to take this slight precaution is guilty of a grave crime against his country.

The introduction of aeroplanes into the fire patrol work in the north is proving of inestimable value to the country. The great advance that has been made in forest fire fighting today is through the fact that fire-detection and fire-suppression have been separated through the use of the scout planes. Formerly there could scarcely be a division of labor. Rangers were assigned to long beats which might not be forthright to cover, who patrolled these singly or in two as circumstances warranted. It will thus be seen how limited would be the protection thus afforded for if the ranger discovered a fire too large for one man to handle it might take a week for him to communicate with headquarters for help.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have paid special attention to this matter recently and have adopted most up-to-date fire fighting apparatus. In order to eliminate fires along their lines through sparks from engines, the right of ways are thoroughly cleared of anything inflammable, such as long grass and underbrush. During the passage of the company's trains through mountainous regions where the forests are heavy, oil-burning engines are used, thus entirely eliminating the danger of fires.

The mechanical equipment maintained at convenient points by the C.P.R. consists of fire fighting motor car units and hose. Each unit consists of two cars with a capacity of 7,000 gallons each, equipped with powerful pumps and about a mile of hose.

Through the co-operation of the railway with the various provincial forces many serious fires have been prevented, resulting in an enormous saving of Canadian natural wealth.

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Booth Tarkington, Jack London, Alfred Henry Lewis and Richard Harding Davis was "A Lodging For the Night," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON • BOOTH TARKINGTON

PART I.

IT was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence. Sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. The clock was hard on 10 when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands, and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without, only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof and a few half obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Abbess Marguerite, the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth, and his face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's.

On the right Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment. Villon making a ballad which he was to call the "Ballad of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little and lean, with yellow cheeks and thin, black locks. He carried his four and twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes. Evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face, as in a fight for eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord, and they were continually flickering in front of him, violent, inconsequential pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility, breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips. He had become a thief just as he might have become parish clerk or clerk of the peace, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel. Something long, trim and precise in the person, something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather. He had done a good stroke of business that afternoon in the Rue-de-la-Serpent, and his wits might be had been gaining from Montigny.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"Some nag ought to be done in state," wrote Villon, "on bread and cheese on silver plate. Or, —or—help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"Or parsley on a golden dish," scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without. It drove the snow before it. The cold was growing sharper.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gib bet?" said Villon. "They are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing up there. Your many dance, my gallants. You'll be none the warmer. Whew, what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A mother in the way of it, I'll lay. And a widow, by the same token! I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold tonight on the St. Denis road?" he asked.

Tabary laughed immoderately over the mediocre. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to one side, one nostril more open than the other and much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor, and he breathed hard under the grew some burden

There was a brief and fatal move ment among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory when Montigny leaped up swift as an adder and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter cry. He fell dead. He had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame. His hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor, then his head rolled backward over one shoulder, his eyes set wide open, and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to him who made it.

Every one sprang to his feet, but the business was over in two twos. "My God!" said Tabary, and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly all of a heap upon a stool and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first.

"Let's see what he has about him," he remarked, and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practiced hand and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. "There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and swingle stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. "It's a hanging job for every man Jack of us that's here—not to speak of those who aren't.") Then he pocketed his share of the spoil and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself. He made a dash at the money and retired to the other end of the room.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood.

"You fellows had better be moving," he said as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

"I think we had," returned Villon, with a shrug. "Dom—his fat head!" he broke out. "It sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?" And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

"Cry baby!" said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny with a sneer. "Sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. "Tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed. He was quietly taking Villon's purse as the poet sat limp and trembling on the stool where he had been making a ballad not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical affairs.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny tied the dead man and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear. There was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally, and Villon was the first by general consent to peep forth.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapors as thin as moonlight fleeted rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold, and by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. Villon cursed his fortune bitterly as he turned his back on the city, wherever he went he left an indelible trail.

Two things preoccupied him as he went, the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy weather, and the glorious future, for one, and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red cuts. Both struck cold upon his heart and he kept quickening his pace as if to escape from certain persistent thoughts by mere fleetness of foot.

Suddenly he saw a long way before him a black clump and a couple of human forms. The clump was in motion, and the smaller figure appeared to be carried by men walking. It was a patrol. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door. It was dark, inside and out, for the servants of the house slept, and he was groping for a end with outspread hands when he stumbled over some substance, which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared incredulously at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt be side her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold and rigid as a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty, but in her stocking underneath the garter Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough, yet it was always something, and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind he was feeling half mechanically for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating. A feeling of cold sweat passed up the back of his legs and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; then he has tened upon his knees. He threw the two whites into the street. He shook his fist at heaven. He stamped and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps toward the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his loss. The door was shut, as he looked right and left upon the snow. Nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see, but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him, and he saw besides as he drew near that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful. On the contrary, it had set down suddenly all of a heap upon a stool and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

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THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

(Continued from page 3)

agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes. Tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon if they will. I will find the schooner through the Great White Desert they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And they all fell to kissing him and wanted to rub his wrists with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and, getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you out of it instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy. Forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy. Write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it, and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand wells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who differs you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion, but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me, but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of you age!"

I think it was this half confidence of his which I never forgave, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor at the end of our cruise I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830, and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington. I mortal nerves and teeth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man and never was such a man. They will say so at the department now.

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, well found, involving a few meadows blowing up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country."

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives me an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter the nonprofessional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, if he were called to account by the department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What then if Nolan should be liberated some day and should bring an action for false imprisonment or for kidnaping against every man who had had him in charge? The secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give and that we must act on our own judgment.

Here is the letter:

Latitude 2° 2' S & 121° W.

Dear Fred—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. The doctor and I have thought him very carefully and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well and had noticed his stateroom. A thing I never remembered before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear, do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the not he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a map of Nolan, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, with his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance and said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country." And he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States as he had drawn it from memory and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer and uncouth it was, but it was the best I ever saw. "Oh, Danforth," he said "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surgy will tell you something now-stop, stop! Do not speak till i say what I am sure you know—that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do or prays for it as I do or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away. I thank God that I know any that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth," he said, "tell me something—tell me something. Danforth, before I die!"

Langham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this poor, ashen-faced man who had years ago expiated in his whole manhood's life the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about, only where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! And he pressed my hand and said: "God bless you! Tell me their names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag.

Well, I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas; told me how his brother died there. He had married a girl over there whom he supposed his brother's grave was, and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon. That, he said, he had suspected partly because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he, laughing, "brought me a good deal, being fun." Then he went back—heavens, how far!—into ancient geography and asked what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again, and so around the globe with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war and carried it down more quietly and very happily to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

Then it wished it had been somebody who knew something! I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into the talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him of emigration and the development of the Northwest and railroads and telegraphs, of inventions and books and literature, of the colleges and West Point and the naval school, but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see, it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years.

I remember he asked all of a sudden who was president now, and when i told him he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln when he was quite a boy and that I have thought out and very happily to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

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GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

A meeting of the Napanee Institute will be held in the Agricultural rooms on Thursday, May 19th, at 2.30. The speaker will be Mrs. C. Feild Robertson, president of the Provincial Women's Institute. A large attendance is requested. 24-b

The Anglin bus line, which has been operating between Belleville and Kingston has been sold to the McCarthy Co., of Cobourg, who intend putting on a fleet of trucks and busses from Belleville to Montreal. Larger new busses will be used instead of the present busses in use.

The officers and members of "B" Company, Frontenac Regiment, held their annual church parade to the Church of St. Mary Magdalene on Sunday morning. The pipe band of the Argyll Light Infantry of Belleville came down for the occasion and led the parade. The Napanee band also accompanied the parade. Capt. H. L. Babcock was in command.

"Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abideth not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire and they are burned. If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified that bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples," John 15: 4-8.

Whatever the business of the day, Never, my child, forget to pray.

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Telephone 460 for appointments.

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Facials.....35c.
Also Scalp Treatment

Take Notice.

That the Wednesday Half-Holidays for the 1927 season start on Wednesday, June 1st, and continue to, and including August 31st, 1927. Stores close at 12 o'clock noon.

Napanee Chamber of Commerce.

25-d

Finest Separator Oil, that won't freeze or gum up your machine, 25c. a quart at Wallace's. Why pay more?

The self-denial tag day and canvass of the Salvation Army was held on Saturday. Over four hundred dollars was collected for the fund, a greater amount than last year.

The annual inspection of the Napanee Collegiate Cadet Corps was held at the Collegiate Institute grounds on Friday afternoon, there being a large attendance of the pupils as well as the citizens of the town and district present. The inspecting officer was Captain V. W. S. Heron, district cadet officer of Military District No. 3, who complimented the officers and cadets on their fine showing, and the splendid all-round efficiency as exemplified in the drills.

Miss Catherine Gallagher, of Adolphustown, won a signal honor in receiving the prize for surgical technique, given by Dr. J. G. Bogart, at the graduation exercises of the Kingston General Hospital on Friday. In presenting the prize to Miss Gallagher, for surgical technique, Dr. Bogart paid a great tribute to the recipient of the prize and declared that her paper was highly creditable. He stated that she received 98 out of a possible 100 in surgical technique and congratulated the Kingston General Hospital upon having Miss Gallagher for another year.

PREPARING FOR THE NEXT WORLD WAR.

The great war came to an end in 1918 just in time to avert more shocking exhibitions of frightfulness than the world had ever seen. At that time both sets of belligerents were about to let loose improved fleets of aircraft which would have carried death and destruction to the enemy's centres of population. It is a matter of history now that Berlin, London and Paris escaped by the narrowest margin a particularly convincing demonstration that war is hell.

The recent struggle developed the science of war to a point involving the whole civilian population of belligerent nations. The waging of war in a modern way requires the mobilization of all the able-bodied citizenry to fight, some to make munitions and other war supplies and some to produce foodstuffs. The carrying on for profit of private business that does not contribute directly to the strength of the nation in the period of ordeal has become scarcely tolerable.

War is no longer a clash between armies of professional soldiers but a fight-to-the-finish between nations. The girl far behind the battlefront who drives a motorcar so that a young man may serve in the trenches or who is engaged in making the wings of bombing planes, may be as real an enemy as the man with a bayonet. The nation that is most efficient in bringing its entire human and material resources to bear against the enemy and which interferes most successfully with the functioning of civilians as a part of the war machine of the foe will—all other things being equal—be triumphant in war.

In a vague way these truths have impressed everybody. Yet of all the countries of the world France is the only one that has been bold enough to adjust herself to the new conditions. She has passed a law providing that in time of war, profit-making ceases and Labor and capital pass under the control of the government. This epoch-making war measure conscripts banks, factories, farms, brain workers, manual workers and the whole organization of the nation. Distinctions between soldiers and civilians are obliterated.

France thus recognizes the right of nations which may be engaged in hostilities with her to wage "indiscriminate warfare to attack the entire civilian population, including, necessarily, the women, children and old people who mingle with civilians engaged in war work. At the same time she proclaims, though not in so many words, her intention to wage war in a similar way. Her experts say that gas bombs will be dropped that will create deadly gas clouds 300 feet long and 90 feet across, destroying every living thing within that area; that fire-bombs will be used that will start fires in hundreds of buildings simultaneously, ensuring the destruction of whole cities; and even that deadly microbes will be rained down from the sky upon sleeping communities.

The experts in every land agree that the last world war will be as child's play in comparison with any that may develop in the near future.

France has looked squarely at the revolting spectacle raised by the prospect of another war and has acted logically in making preparation to meet it while urging other nations to join her in an effort to outlaw war. The truth that human society should face is that because of the fears and suspicions of some nations the chauvinism of at least two power and the lack of practical sympathy for the cause of world peace displayed by the United States civilization is drifting towards an abyss.

PERSONALS

Miss Marion Insley, Picton, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. J. Jewell.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Loucks and Mr. and Mrs. Authmire Pybus were in Toronto a few days last week.

Miss Hazel Sampson has joined the nursing class of Kingston General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bell, Hamilton, are visiting friends in Napanee.

Mrs. W. C. Smith, Miss Betty Smith and Mr. Everett Smith spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Miss B. Taylor, Montreal, spent the past week the guest of her brother, Mr. A. G. Taylor.

Miss Lucy Anderson, who has been spendin gthe winter in Toronto, has returned home.

Miss Bryers, who has been visiting friends in Kingston, returned home Wednesday.

Mr. E. H. Costigan, Trinity College, Toronto, is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. D. McClew Bridge street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crossley, who have been spending some time in the western part of the Province, returned home yesterday.

Miss Tillie Waller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Waller, was one of the graduating nurses at the annual graduating exercises of Kingston General Hospital, on Friday evening last.

Mr. Albert Mellow, Niagara Falls, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mellow, Gretna.

Miss Mildred Perry, Napanee, and Miss Mary Derry, Kingston, were among the graduating nurses at the Toronto General Hospital last week.

Miss Olive Hambly returned from Kingston General Hospital on Monday much improved in health.

Mrs. T. Tierney and Miss Kathleen are visiting Mrs. Tierney's daughter at Moncton, New Brunswick.

Mr. W. A. Grange leaves on Friday to attend the World's Rotary at Ostend, Belgium, as well as a holiday in Europe.

MARRIAGES

McDonnell—Klein—At the Vicarage, on Monday, May 16th, 1927, by Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M.A., Archibald McDonnell, of Kingston, to Grace-Harriett Klein of Providence Square Penn.

DEATHS

Blakely—At Kingston General Hospital, on Tuesday, May 10th, 1927, Ellen Blakely, of Napanee.

McAvoy—At Oroville, California, on Saturday, May 7th, 1927, Patrick Emmett McAvoy, son of Wm. McAvoy, Camden, aged 30 years, 10 months. The funeral took place this morning (Tuesday) at 9 a.m., the remains being interred in the R. C. Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Minnie York, who passed away May 18th, 1926.

Deep in our hearts there's a picture
Of a loved one gone to rest;
In memory's frame we shall ever keep it
Because she was one of the best.

We loved her, yes we loved her,
But Jesus loved her more,
And he has sweetly called her,
To yonder shining shore.

The golden gates were opened,
A gentle voice said come;
And with farewells unspoken,
She calmly entered home.

Sadly missed by
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Pringle
and Percy.

LENNOX WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEETINGS

The annual summeh series of meetings of Lennox Women's Institutes will be held as follows:

May 19—Napanee Agricultural Rooms.
May 20—Violet, home of Mrs. E. Wright.
May 25—Wilton, Hall.
May 26—Odessa Public Library.
May 27—Ernesttown Hall.
May 30—Maple Leaf Hall.
May 31—Adolphustown.
June 1—Conway United Church
June 3—Collins Bay, Beulah Church.

Mrs. C. Field Robertson, Lanark, Ont., will address the first two meetings, namely: Napanee and Violet. Mrs. Robertson has been President of the Federated Women's Institutes of Ontario for the past two years and has been active in the Institute for a number of years.

Mrs. Robertson is first and foremost a home-maker and will be able to pass on to the Institutes much valuable information and many helpful suggestions.

Mrs. Robertson will speak on one or more of the following subjects: "Co-operation of Branch, District, and Provincial Organizations," "Education for Citizenship," "Some Essentials to Health and Happiness."

Miss Emily Guest, M.A., 9 Evelyn Crescent, Toronto, will address the balance of the meetings. Miss Guest was brought up on an Ontario farm, is a honor graduate of the University of Toronto. She was for some time head of the Department of English and History in Belleville Collegiate and from there she was sent to active overseas service during the Great War, in hospital work, food conservation and the Organization of Institutes.

Miss Guest will speak on one or more of the following subjects: "Eating for Beauty and Efficiency," "Helping Boys and Girls to Find the Right Life Work," "Working Your own Gold Mine," "How to Make an Efficiency Study of Yourself and Your Institute," "The Social and Economic Side of Immigration, from the Homemaker's Viewpoint."

All women and girls (16 or over) will be welcome to attend the meetings, for which there is no charge.

God Save the King.

C D S L

Interesting and Irresistible Merchandise

Choosing the Wardrobe For the Delightful Days of Summer

SUMMER DRESSES

Have started to arrive in gengrous numbers. Delightful frocks in heavy-weight, double thread Silk Broadcloth head the great parade. Women, we know, will be quick to applaud these wearables because they are so washable, so summery, so durable. Styles are divided between one and two piece effects. Tucks, pleats, inverted or otherwise, diagonal stitching, pockets and buttons make fashionable ornamentation.

White, for summer, is the one great outstanding color. It's good—good for every conceivable occasion. Many of the pastel shades are highly favored however. Our assortments are generous.

Double thread weights—$10.95 and $12.95.

Single thread weights—$5.95.

Obtainable in Women's and Misses' sizes.

See them early please.

KNITTED SPORT FROCKS

Are both important and imported. Several dashing colorful suits have found their way here from Europe. These newer type silk and wool dresses disprove the point that knit things are hard to wear. They have such clever detail work that smart women above Misses' sizes will find them especially becoming. They show tucking, stitching, pleats and contrasting color effects. Made invariably in two-piece effects that may be chosen in white or in a real exclusive assortment of bright sport colorings.

Priced from $10.50 to $20.50.

PULLOVER SWEATERS

Have returned to the mode and are being assembled by sports women for their summer's activities. They are exceedingly smart looking affairs with their clever necklines, their smart styling, their delightful colorings.

Made from Silk and Wool yarns.

Priced $4.75 and $5.25.

FROCKS OF GEORGETTE

Are sponsored by our best dress designers for afternoon wear at more formal functions throughout the summer. These come in a medley of clever fashions introducing many variations, but all adhering to the straight-line silhouette. Obtainable in types for Misses' or Matron's sizes. They're lovely in shades of Grey, Queen Blue, Athenia, Navy and Valencia.

Priced from $35 to $55.

STYLE IN HOUSE DRESSES

You will feel like greeting the Summer's sunshine in these gaily colored and daintily patterned frocks. They're made too from dependable materials that will stand the strain of constant wear and repeated washings. Ask to see the new styles in Martha Washington made dresses.

Priced from $1.00 to $3.95.

RAYON "SLEEP GOWNS"

For Summer wear you'll like these gowns for several justifiable reasons. You'll like them because they're cool and comfortable. You'll like them because they're easily laundered. You'll like them while on your vacation because they pack easily. We feature Rayon Sleep Gowns in the celebrated "Harvey" qualities and in all the fascinating new styles. "Lace" is the outstanding medium for trimming.

Obtainable in the most charming range of pastel colorings.

Priced from $3.00 to $3.75.

A Washable Foulard - 37 in. wide - $2.00 yard

These Foulards are decidedly new and fashionable. An added feature is the fact that they wash perfectly. Individual dress lengths of 4 yards each are shown in Black and White, Powder Blue and White, Beige and Navy, Tan, Navy and Red, Natural and Black.

VARIATIONS of the

COMPOSÉ

Smart

Youthful

Easy to make

Of blending fabrics

STYLE 1125

1325—Three shades of the same color are used in this composé frock. Size 36 requires 2 yds. of dark material, ¾ yd. medium and ¾ yd. light—all in 39-inch width.

STYLE 1319

1319—Diagonal bands in a lighter or darker shade than the dress give a striking effect. Size 18 years requires only 2⅝ yds. of 39-inch material, with ⅝ yd. for bands.

Easy to Make with BUTTERICK PATTERNS *including* DELTOR

At our Piece-Goods Department you will find a new assortment of Spring fabrics in lovely shades that are suitable for the composé mode.

A Special Line of Flat Crepe Now Being Shown

38 inches wide - $2.50 Yard

A sterling quality in the popular Flat Crepe is now shown in rich new colorings. Firm in weight, of pure silk, this crepe is receiving popular approval. Present shades now in stock, Black, White, Rose Pink, Bachelor Button, Mother Goose, Powder Blue, Grecian Rose, Maroon, Beige, Navy.

Compose effects can be had by the blending of two or more colors.

Linoleum makes Durable and Attractive Floors

We have been selling the same make continuously for at least twenty years and do not hesitate in recommending this make for durability. Customers demand this grade when making their purchases. Each succeeding year brings greater demand for these goods. We are duplicating orders every week. A fresh supply of four and three-yard widths came to hand last Friday. All new and up-todate patterns and colorings.

Dominion Linoleum Rugs

These Rugs are very popular. Sales have increased one hundred per cent. in two years. Prices are much lower than other years. Sizes and patterns suitable for any room in your home. Ask the Carpet Man to show you the new designs.

These Russ are available in the following sizes:

6 ft. x 9 ft.; 7 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft.; 9 ft. x 9 ft.; 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in.; 9 ft. x 12 ft.; 9 ft. x 13 ft. 6 in.; 9 ft. x 15 ft.; 10 ft. 6 in. x 12 ft.; 12 ft. x 12 ft.; 12 ft. x 13 ft. 6 in.; 12 ft. x 15 ft.

Linoleum Rugs are more sanitary than cloth rugs. Easy to clean, no beating or taking up carpets.

Kirsch Curtain Rods

The best in the market to date. Made in white and brass finish, guaranteed not to sag or tarnish. We have a machine for cutting rods and can fit any size or shape windows. Curved ends are the popular shape. Ask to see the new Portier Rods. Fits the top of your archway, no sagging or warping, is almost invisible, will last a lifetime, does not tarnish, cut to fit your archway, easy to place and the price is very moderate. We feature the Blue Seal Stippletone finish.

Dependable Wash Fabrics for Summer Wear

For crisp, fresh appearing frocks for either women's or children's wear, "Gingham" is without an equal. The patterns are a skilful blending of colors in checks, stripes and plaids. These ginghams will stand repeated washings and still retain their crisp appearance. They come 32 inches wide and are priced 19, 25 and 29 cents per yard.

Junior Play Foulard is a new wash material this season that comes in a splendid range of new patterns. Very effective dresses can be made from this new material, as the neat, attractive patterns are suitable for either women's or children's use. Obtainable in the wanted shades of Mauve, Blue, Rose and Putty. 36 inches wide, priced at 48 cents per yard.

Rayon Artificial Silk Ginghams come in neat stripe patterns and in shades of Green, Blue, Mauve, Pink and Sand. 32 inches wide, priced at 50c. per yard.

36 inch Dimity Check Nainsook, may be had in shades of Pink, Tea Rose, Mauve and White. Priced at 25c. per yard.

30 inch Lingerie Crepe, in plain shades, also small patterns in Pink, Mauve, Blue, Peach and White. Priced at 30c. per yard.

Canadian Department-Stores Limited

Store No. 10 Successors to

THE ROBINSON CO. Limited